OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 160—No. 4

JANUARY 27, 1932

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—Theodore Roosevelt

WITH OUR READERS

Western Football Supremacy

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—Just a few words in reference to George Trevor's "The Spotlight on Sports" in the January 6 issue. Most of the reasons he gives for Pacific coast supremacy in football are fair and sound, but one of his surmises is a bit misleading. He says, "Concentration of material in a relatively few colleges" and "this massing of man power in a few schools is the true secret of Far Western gridiron hegemony." Now it is true that the Pacific littoral is almost as long as the Atlantic Seaboard—but how about the population!

The population of California is less than half that of New York State; in fact, it does not equal that of New York City. Take the six Western states of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona, for instance. Their combined population is 9,195,796. Compare them with the six Eastern states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, which total 32,632,560. New York State alone, outnumbers the Western states by more than 3,000,000!

Another thing, the prominent colleges of New England draw students from all over the country. Harvard had a Californian for football captain some years ago.

On the other hand, all of the starting players on the U. S. C. varsity this last fall were southern California high school graduates, with the exception of Captain Stanley Williamson, from northern California, and Johnny Baker, from central California. On the second varsity, only two were from outside the state, Bob Erskine from Iowa and Bob Hall, from Texas. Coach Jones could place a first rate team on the field if he confined himself exclusively to the players registered from Los Angeles city.

When the Eastern press, football coaches and others fall back on the well-known "climate" alibi I can't help recalling the New Year's Day game at Pasadena in 1922 when Washington and Jefferson, a small college in western Pennsylvania, played one of the University of California's so-called "wonder teams" off its feet to a scoreless tie. Maybe Mr. Trevor does not know it, but Washington and Jefferson played that entire game without a single substitution! And they looked fresher at the end than the Western players, although the latter substituted at least a dozen times. Explain that!

Notre Dame has had uniformly good success in its Western invasions, winning three out of four starts. ARTHUR BERG.

College Standards

To the Editor: *Ithaca, N. Y.*

SIR—If President Butler of Columbia, Professor Laski of the University of London, and other thinking men are alarmed over the seeming unconcern for standards of excellence among college students in this country, I think that they can find the cause for this lamentable condition in the American university system as it exists today.

It seems to me that Dr. Butler must be forced to admit that the colleges are admitting vast numbers of men who have no deep desire for an education, but who have been moved to apply for entrance to college for reasons which certainly should not be acceptable to the men engaged in passing on entrance applications. We see men going to college simply because the family has decreed that "It is the thing to do" or perhaps some member of the family has gone to college before. Many go simply because they have been told that they must if they would make money in later life and hope to become pillars of society, this reason alone is enough to scare countless numbers into colleges, for not many young men fail to see that the successful business man is the object of the admiration of modern society, and "success" appears to be synonymous with money today. Then there is the type of young man who goes to college because he is endowed with physical qualities which make him a potential "star," and, after all, why shouldn't he go, don't overzealous alumni and students move heaven and earth to get such specimens into their school?

The very atmosphere of the colleges today is a decided factor in stifling any attempts to make high standards the guiding principle of campus thought. Values are not what they should be; the success of the college today is the success gained in extra curricular activities, and not the excellence in the classroom and laboratory. The student who receives the plaudits of the crowd, student and public favor alike, is the man who does something spectacular outside of the walls of the classroom. Athletic excellence has been exalted above scholastic excellence. Little notice is given the man who makes straight "A's" for four years, but praise and encouragement are thrown to the man who can pole vault fourteen feet, or electrify the crowd with brilliant play on the football field. The colleges allow an evil fraternity system to exist and grow, even if the presence of such organizations tends to reduce thinking to terms of mass thought, and reduce students to mere Babbitts. The fraternity provides interesting social life, but it is devoid of intellectual life, and there is little prospect of its recovering from the rut it now lies in, a rut which it glorifies with the most annoying smugness.

If Dr. Butler is dissatisfied with the college student of today he had better exercise greater care in selecting the students who enter his institution and, once they have been judged worthy of entrance, he must provide an atmosphere which will encourage, and not discourage efforts to attain and hold standards of excellence.
HOMER HILTON, JR.

We Like Them Anyway

To the Editor: *New York City*

SIR—May I call your attention to the following quotation from the *Ladies' Home Journal* of January, 1932: "They know that in order to maintain balance on high, ill-placed heels, you must lock your knees, thrust out your stomach and stick out your hips. If you wear them constantly you are asking for backaches and etching wrinkles across your face."

This does not accord with statements made in your issue of December 23, wherein the writer claims, on the authority of a London orthopedist, that high heels are not injurious to the wearer. Neither does it tally with my own observation nor with what an expert orthopedist assures me. He says that nearly all his patients are women who have been wearing improper shoes, especially high-heeled ones, either constantly or intermittently. In some of these cases the feet have become hopelessly deformed; in others pains in the legs, attributed at first to rheumatism, have been traced to the wearing of high heels.

Perhaps the London orthopedist quoted felt like a certain oculist who, when asked if he considered movie-going injurious to the eyes, replied, "The movies have sent me too many patients for me to say anything bad about them." H. F. EPLER.

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Super-Salesman of Patriotism
A Portrait of Sol Bloom, Promoter of Washington's Bicentennial
By Oliver McKee, Jr.
"We must sell George Washington to the country," said the director of the national observance of the 200th anniversary of the patriot's birth. Now the job is being done without governmental cost by this millionaire son of a poor Polish Jew—even with profit to concessionaires.

Are Our Industrial Overlords Guilty?
A Question for "this lopsided age."
By J. Bayard Clark
The author asks whether the rush for gold is responsible for increase in insanity, deaths from preventable disease, crimes, divorce and unemployment. An article that will provoke thought and discussion.

Uncle Sam—Nomad
By Charles Morrow Wilson
The demands of employment—and unemployment—put millions on the roads, loose from home moorings, living a nomadic life. Everybody going somewhere—what will they do when they get there? Go somewhere else!

The Impresario Triumphant
By Merle Armitage
No one in America "arrives" without pushing. If you don't believe it read this article. It's the "build-up" that does it.

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A SMART CRACK!

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The Trend of the Week

Announcement

WALTER BROWN, our Postmaster-General, has announced that Herbert Clark Hoover will be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President. Mr. Hoover lives in Washington and also has a home in Palo Alto, Calif., where he is well thought of.

1920—1932

ON JANUARY 16, 1920, the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. On January 16, 1932, the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform made public some prophecies made by the drys twelve years ago. "The saloons will be closed," said the *Prohibition Ratification Handbook*. "Drinking will be reduced. Drunkenness will disappear. Crimes will be reduced at least one-half. The constantly increasing cost to taxpayers in providing for saloon-made convicts, insane, imbecile and delinquent will be stopped. Liquor is a corrupter of politics—the United States will be made safe for democracy through removal of the liquor menace to clean politics."

And they laugh at astrologists.

It Pays to Advertise

IT IS a pity that the Harvard Advertising Awards were discontinued last spring. If the jury were assembling this year it might well consider the following front page "reader," first appearing in the New York *Times* of January 16, for the $1,000 award for an "Advertisement Distinguished for Its Effective Use of Text":

To All Good Democrats

A convention like the unharmonious convention of 1924 will elect the Republican candidate. A convention like the harmonious convention of 1916 will elect the Democratic candidate. Faithfully yours, Barry Vail (otherwise known as a good Democrat) c/o Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City.—Advt.

Barry Vail has made very effective use of text. "Barry Vail" was the pseudonym used by John Barry Ryan, a grandson of Thomas Fortune Ryan, who almost single-handedly financed the Democratic campaign of 1904, when he brought out his first book of verse. Right now, according to Scribner's catalogue, he is using it for a second book, *More Verses*, soon to be published. The "reader"—$90 for each insertion—may set a *Times* front page record for length. But what's $90 to an advertiser who has the canniness to hitch poetry to the pulling power of politics in this presidential year 1932?

First Fortnight

ITEMS selected from the newspapers of January 1 to January 14 revealed:

That Philadelphia had a $14,000,000 deficit in its new budget and only $1,000,000 in cash to meet a $1,625,000 payroll;

That a bondholders' protective association was attempting to collect on the defaulted obligations of Buncome County and the City of Asheville, North Carolina, whose bonded debt totals $50,000,000;

That New York City needs—and the bankers are in no hurry to supply—$150,000,000 to meet obligations maturing before May 1 when first payments on 1932 taxes are due;

That the Buffalo, N. Y., school board had refused to grant automatic pay increases scheduled for the past four years;

That Hillside, N. J., was in default on a $1,000,000 bond issue;

That Chicago was without funds to pay 30,000 teachers, policemen, firemen and other city officials whose pay is months overdue;

That Elizabeth, N. J., had received no bids on a $4,998,000 permanent bond issue offered back in December;

That Lackawanna, N. Y., with an empty treasury, was behind on the payment of all city employees save school teachers;

That five Massachusetts cities—Lowell, Lawrence, Chelsea, Revere and Chicopee—were in such financial straits that their city employees already were or soon would be payless.

Whereas, Milwaukee, with a Socialist mayor and a city council under non-partisan control, had provided generously for unemployment relief, reduced taxes, paid in cash for 55 per cent of the permanent improvements made in the past ten years, and closed the year with a $3,175,000 surplus. Of course, though, these Socialists are just a bunch of theorists who know nothing about practical economics or hard-headed business methods.

On to Antarctica

EVERYTHING will be all right if Rear Admiral Byrd only hurries. H. G. Watkins, the British explorer, is planning an expedition to the Antarctic. So is Admiral Byrd. Mr. Watkins' first objective is "to

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throw new light on the old riddle of whether the Ross Sea connects with the Weddell Sea, thus dividing the Antarctic into two large continental masses." That is the Admiral's objective, too. Mr. Watkins plans to leave Britain this fall. Admiral Byrd hasn't announced when his expedition will leave the United States. It will not leave, he says, until he has devoured the data of the last.

Let him devour it quickly. Think how grand it would be if the Watkins and Byrd expeditions were to pull out simultaneously. One expedition carrying the British flag, the other the American. Both racing for science. What a race it would be. What a news story. What a relief from all this talk of depression. The thing has tremendous possibilities, every one of them thrilling; air records, dog-sledding records, most important of all, a new record in radio dispatches to newspaper syndicates. American discoveries vs. British discoveries. American nerve vs. British nerve. American reporters vs. British reporters. Flag vs. flag. Byrd vs. Watkins. Hurry, Byrd, hurry. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

▸▸*Mr. Fletcher Errs*

Poor Mr. Henry Prather Fletcher of Greencastle, Pennsylvania. He so wants to be appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. James and there is no good reason why he should be. Yes there is, Mr. Fletcher says, begging Pennsylvania's Republican Congressmen to urge his appointment as successor to General Dawes. "Pennsylvania," Mr. Fletcher

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argues, "has not had the London post since before the Civil War."

Let Mr. Hoover recognize any such principle as this and he will find himself in hot water. The list of states which have never had the London post, or have not had it since before the Civil War, includes Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Contrary to Mr. Fletcher's belief, however, the list does not include Pennsylvania. That sterling son and citizen of Pennsylvania, John Welsh, held the post in the years 1878-1879.

▸▸*Repression in India*

It becomes steadily plainer that Britain is determined to crush the life out of India's Nationalist movement. Having clapped Gandhi into jail, the British government bade farewell to compromise and conciliation and clothed itself with authority to handle Gandhi's campaign of civil disobedience as if it were war. Arrest and imprisonment now await any Indian who so much as raises a hand, a voice or a pen against the Viceroy's government.

It is an exceedingly realistic attitude which the British have taken—the cold, repellent realism of war which brooks no opposition and eschews no means to the desired end. The British are not only arresting Nationalist leaders; they insist that the Nationalist movement itself is unlawful and that it must be broken, whether by the throttling of Nationalist newspapers, the seizing of Nationalist property, the forbidding of Nationalist picketing or the impounding of Nationalist funds. Wherever it is found, the Nationalist tricolor is pulled down and the Union Jack run up.

The frequent arrests of their leaders have forced the Nationalists to name three party presidents within a day, but they are prepared for that as they are prepared for a good deal else. Their children, naked and dirty, their young men, white-capped, their women, in costumes of saffron skirts and blue jackets, all go about crying, "Boycott British Goods." Already the Nationalists have caused the Bombay cotton, seed, bullion and stock markets to close. They are also trying to persuade all Indians to withdraw their postal savings and bank deposits in government institutions. They are setting up their own postal routes from Bombay to outlying districts and planning others. Their hope, of course, is to force Britain to her knees by destroying her profitable India trade. Normally India buys

THE FORGOTTEN MR. WELSH

$500,000 worth of British cloth a day; since Gandhi went to jail, the dispatches say, not a yard has been bought in Bombay.

As yet, however, the British have succeeded in keeping the lid down. No one can say what will happen when and if the lid blows off.

▸▸*Three From the Shoulder*

Is the era of political pussyfooting drawing to an end, or is our wish father to the thought? The second week of the year heard three courageous and forthright statements by as many public men. All three came from the able battery of presidential candidates now at the head of the astonished Democratic party.

In his Jackson Day speech at Washington and his address at the Victory Dinner in Boston—one of sixty such functions at which the Democratic party launched its drive for a $1,500,000 campaign fund — former Governor Smith demanded a large Federal bond issue to finance a program of public works and thereby relieve unemployment. "You have got to say that we are in a state of war, war against unemployment, malnutrition and the disease and the suffering that grow from it," he said at Boston. "And we need a Federal public works administrator, clothed with that plenary power we gave to men during war time to carry this war on, to cut through, slash, tear out the red tape that is occasioned in the ordinary peacetime conduct of government."

In the same week, Newton D. Baker, in letters read to the annual convention of the League of Nations Association at Philadelphia, calmly restated the con-

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viction that is his one great political handicap. The United States, he said, should enter the League, and he told why he thought so, disregarding the fact that his words are probably poison to a majority of the American voters. "The mouths of those who criticize it," he said, "will be stopped with dust, as were those of the foolish prophets, until they are able to suggest an alternative. It at least is something as against their nothing."

In the same bold fashion, Governor Roosevelt grasped the prickly problem of higher taxes. Five months before the convention in which he will seek the nomination for President, ten months before the election in which he may oppose Mr. Hoover, he proposed a series of taxes calling, among other things, for a hundred per cent increase in the state levy on personal incomes. No doubt the increase was necessary, but how many men in his position would have dared to recommend it?

▶▶*Roosevelt vs. Hoover*

UNFORTUNATELY, Governor Roosevelt's speech at the Victory Dinner in New York revealed no such forthrightness as his budget message of a few days earlier. The one high spot of the address was that in which Mr. Roosevelt chided commentators for saying unkind things about Mr. Hoover, and here the governor was unintentionally amusing.

The task of the Democrats, he declared, is so to conduct themselves that they cannot be accused of hitting their opponents below the belt. Mr. Roosevelt referred, he said, to "members of both great parties; men and women using the vehicles of conversation, of books, of magazines and of the daily press, who have forgotten their sense of fair play and at the same time the fact that their victim of the moment is the President of the United States. That they do this in jest or without thought is but poor excuse."

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"I deplore the tendency to blame all our present troubles on the President," Mr. Roosevelt said. So far so good. The governor, his listeners were led to suppose, was making a generous and high-minded gesture. Having duly deplored the blows aimed at Mr. Hoover, however, Mr. Roosevelt went on to aim a few himself. "He is perhaps the victim of a theory which holds that the control of the Republican party reins entitles the holders to use that historic party for the purposes of personal gain," said Mr. Roosevelt. "He and his associates have perhaps shown incapacity to contribute leadership in the solving of a national crisis." In other words, Don't rap the President; let me do it. The effect is that of a man urging bystanders to show mercy toward his opponent just before he knocks that opponent down.

▶▶*Flavor of the Week*

MRS. HATTIE CARAWAY of Arkansas is elected to the Senate to fill out her late husband's unexpired term and Einstein, with a wink, tells Pola Negri that he has never met Hitler but has seen his photographs. James A. Farrell, at the age of 68, retires as president of the United States Steel Corporation and Governor Emmerson of Illinois, who vetoed that bill repealing the state enforcement act, announces that he will not seek another term. William Gibbs McAdoo says that "a large number of men and women of standing and character" are asking him to run for Senator from California, Senator Borah is receiving many letters urging him to oppose Mr. Hoover in the Republican primaries, Speaker Garner advises the Republican Senate and the President to coöperate with the Democrats and Jouett Shouse of the Democratic National Executive Committee warns his party against overconfidence. The Los Angeles police stage a second raid on *Lysistrata*, by Aristophanes.

Moscow exhibits plans for the new Palace of the Soviets to be erected on the site of the Cathedral of Christ the Saviour and at Goa, Portuguese India, the embalmed body of St. Francis Xavier is replaced in its sarcophagus after having been exposed for forty days, during which the feet were kissed by 2,000,000 pilgrims from all over the world. President Mooney of the General Motors Export Corporation urges tariff revision to encourage international trade and Mrs. Gandhi, given six weeks in jail for championing her husband's principles, asks for a longer term. Secretary Mellon defends his program of tax increases before a committee of the House, New York theatre men register a protest against it, the National Retail Dry Goods Association registers another and Japan, replying to Secretary Stimson's recent note, stresses her efforts "to secure full and complete fulfillment" of the Kellogg pact. Unemployed women of Brisbane, Australia, threaten to march through the streets naked.

SENATOR CARAWAY

▶▶*Walled-in Autos*

YOU DON'T learn much at automobile shows. Take the National Automobile Show in New York, about the best there is. The Grand Central Palace was crowded with cars, and with people paying seventy-five cents to look at them. Not many buy. Most of the people just wander around touching the cars often enough to keep the polishers busy. There is a constant murmur about streamlines, free wheeling, new radiators, a new car called the Rockne. Wonder what ever became of the Roosevelt? Lincolns there but no Fords. Austins, too, 41 61/79 of them for the price of one Duesenberg. That's what you learn at an auto show—miscellaneous facts but nothing specific about the industry as a whole.

One could learn more about that from the newspapers during the week of the New York Auto show. They reported, first, that the export managers of the National Automobile Chamber of Com-

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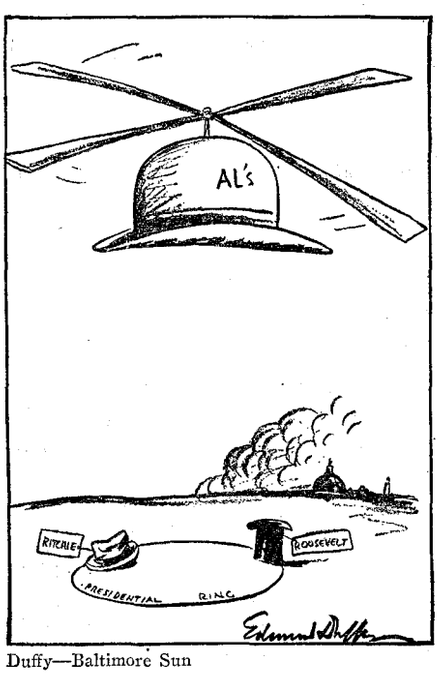
merce recommended reciprocal tariff agreements between the United States and other countries. Such agreements, the managers said, would provide consumers abroad with means to pay for American goods—hence increase automobile sales both abroad and at home. The newspapers also published information showing how high tariffs are decreasing world trade and hence automobile sales. Partly because of high foreign tariff walls, French exports during 1931 had fallen to the level of 1923, with a corresponding decrease in French imports. How this affected American exports, automobiles included, was suggested by the January report of our Department of Commerce, showing that American exports during 1931 dropped to the lowest level since 1914, American imports to the lowest since 1916. Then January 15, France, which has been using tariffs on American automobiles and radios to retaliate against American tariffs on French goods, published a decree curtailing imports of American radios drastically. The decree may increase sales of French radios for a time but it will decrease sales of American radios, indirectly decrease sales of American automobiles. This nonsensical tariff war isn't doing our automobile industry any good.

▶▶*Those Smith Stories*

ALFRED E. SMITH will oppose the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt and attempt to secure the nomination himself. On the other hand, he will oppose Mr. Roosevelt but will not attempt to secure the nomination himself. Instead, he will come out for Albert C. Ritchie, because Ritchie made way for him in 1928. However, believing that Ritchie lacks political strength, he will come out for Owen D. Young, who championed his cause in 1928 and is one of his close friends. Finally, believing that Young is politically as weak as Ritchie, he will come out for Newton D. Baker, because Baker is a forthright wet.

Confusing? To be sure. But it is just the series of impressions one obtains from the endless "inside" stories, in and out of the press, which have dealt with Smith's immediate future. We long ago abandoned the effort to reconcile any of them with any other, long ago decided that the only way to learn what Smith will do is to wait and see. If the stories of a split between Smith and Roosevelt are based on sound evidence, that evidence has not been made public. The only known grounds for the rumor that Smith will oppose Roosevelt are, first, the fact that he opposed some of Roosevelt's policies last year, and secondly, the fact that he has not endorsed the Roosevelt candidacy to date. As he said in March, 1931, "I do not think I will answer that question whether I am for him [Roosevelt] or against him at this time."

Similarly, the only known ground for supposing he will run himself or will support some one besides Roosevelt is the fact that he has not denied it. So far as we know he has said nothing at all about Ritchie, Young or Baker. A year ago, asked whether he would seek the nomination himself, he said: "That is like crossing a bridge seventeen miles ahead." On January 15, asked the same question in a Boston railroad station, he said: "When that decision is made it will not be in a railroad depot." So we simply do not know what Smith will do. And just to be different we make the guess that at the present time he doesn't either.



Duffy—Baltimore Sun

THE AUTOGYRO ACT

▶▶*Crusader Carey*

A TOAST to Senator Carey of Wyoming, who is tired of standing in theatre lobbies after paying for a seat. Senator Carey has introduced a bill to fine theatre operators $100 if they sell more tickets than they have seats and has been appointed chairman of a committee to investigate the entire matter.

May the gods strengthen his grudge and encourage him to probe to the bone! May he investigate many things! The ill-concealed contempt of ticket-sellers, for instance, and the faint hostility of ticket-takers. The aggrieved tolerance of head ushers. The absorbed officiousness and chilly precision of the other ushers who love to make the customers do Squads Right, pack them behind ropes, remove their coats from balustrades, forbid them to stand here and there and finally herd them up steep stairways far, far into the rafters to peep at the stage from behind pillars. May Senator Carey fix things up so that we can all stop feeling so hangdog about having bought tickets and thought some of maybe seeing the show!

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

▶▶*The End*

LAST CHAPTER in the public life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, greatest of living Americans.

"I won't be in tomorrow," he told attendants of the United States Supreme Court as he left on January 11. On January 12, in a letter to President Hoover, he tendered his resignation. "The condition of my health," he wrote, "makes it a duty to break off connections that I cannot leave without deep regret . . . . But the time has come and I bow to the inevitable. I have nothing but kindness to remember from you and from my brethren. My last word should be one of grateful thanks." Mr. Hoover replied at once, saying: "I know of no American retiring from public service with such a sense of affection and devotion of the whole people."

On the same day, innumerable tributes recalled Mr. Holmes' scholarship, his liberalism, his style, his charm and his simplicity. A letter to him from the eight other Supreme Court judges said in part: "Your judicial service of over forty-nine years—twenty years in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and twenty-nine years upon this bench—has a unique distinction in uninterrupted ef-

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fectiveness and exceptional quality. Your profound learning and philosophic outlook have found expression in opinions which have become classics, enriching the literature of the law as well as its substance . . . . the most precious memories of your unfailing kindliness and generous nature abide with us, and these memories will ever be one of the choicest traditions of the court."

"My dear Brethren," Justice Holmes replied. "You must let me call you so once more. Your more than kind, your generous, letter touches me to the bottom of my heart. The long and intimate association with men who so command my respect and admiration could not but fix my affection as well. For such little time as may be left for me I shall treasure it as adding gold to the sunset."

▸▸Tip for Stock Exchange

THE New York Stock Exchange keeps busy despite everything. Just now, having received official permission, it is busy getting ready to substitute fancy bronze enclosures for the common old iron ones on the two subway stairways in front of the Exchange Building. With copper stocks the way they are, bronze is cheaper than iron anyway, someone said, by way of a jest. And then, someone said, with so many traders who formerly arrived in limousines now using the subway, it seems only proper to dress up the stairways a bit.

How true. There's nothing like taking advantage of a lull in business to fix up things around the premises. The bronze railings certainly—but why not go further? Why not remodel the ingoing stairways to represent business charts, with the walls inlaid with blue chips and the platform at the foot labeled "Permanent Plateau"? For guards, ticket-choppers and the like, those broad-shouldered, athletic young customers' men not at present employed. The slot machines are already there; they could be filled with sound securities—a penny apiece, with waste paper receivers close by in case you wanted to put one away and forget about it. Add bridge tables, backgammon boards and some ticker tape to be torn up for paper chases and the traders could do business right there in the subway, subletting the Exchange Building for romantic lectures on five-year plans for American business.

▸▸Not a Chance

THERE is not one chance in a million that Secretary of the Treasury Mellon will be impeached and removed from office, as Representative Patman of Texas demands. Mr. Patman declares that Mr. Mellon has violated an ancient statute forbidding the Secretary of the Treasury to engage in commerce, own a seagoing vessel, or be connected with private business enterprise within the United States. He also charges that the Secretary used his official influence to obtain from Colombia a fifty-year oil concession for a company controlled by the Mellon interests.

The Judiciary Committee of the House, to which the impeachment resolution was referred, is now going through solemn motions of weighing these charges, but nothing is expected to come of it. And for two reasons. The first is that the charges are not impres-

Remarkable Remarks!

My own opinion is that the depression could be ended speedily if the right things were done immediately by the right men.—DR. IRVING FISHER.

Mrs. H. L. Love, 256 E. 1st North St., Provo, Utah, $5 prize.

In the first place if you don't have it to spend, you can't spend it.—MRS. HATTIE W. CARAWAY.

Mrs. Bertha M. Ross, Malvern, Ark., $2 prize.

He [Mr. Hoover] has made a record in presidential initiative and constructive accomplishment unparalleled in the economic history of this nation or of any other.—CHARLES G. DAWES.

Mrs. I. S. Lanning, 223 N. Seventh St., Richmond, Ind., $2 prize.

I came back to find the people risen above partisan politics.—CHARLES G. DAWES.

Thos. T. Traywick, Cope, S. C., $2 prize.

There has been a good deal about the last year that was not happy.—COL. ROBERT R. MCCORMICK.

Robert J. Lewis, 14 West South St., York, Penna., $2 prize.

There is no crisis in Europe.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

George L. Hinman, 93 Chestnut St., Binghamton, N. Y., $2 prize.

My attitude on the air is that of one who has information that is so important that I've got to get it right off to you.—FLOYD GIBBONS.

Mrs. John Dooley, Albany, Oregon, $2 prize.

A contemplation of some of the atrocities committed by me in the contract tournament with Sidney S. Lenz gives me back a feeling of healthy humility that I, and perhaps others, need so much.—ELY CULBERTSON.

Fitzroy E. Younge, 4317 West Belle Place, St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

The motion picture industry is the key to international thinking.—DR. BORIS MORKOVIN.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $2 prize.

Football teaches this: When you are up, you are up. And when you are down, you are down.—ROBERT ZUPPKE.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Cal., $2 prize.

Women are safer [compared with men] in everything, safer to trust with your secrets or your money, safer as friends.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

A. L. Vandermast, Zearing, Iowa, $2 prize.

The average normal American is bound to remain a jackass, for such is the will of God. —H. L. MENCKEN.

John Malkin, 2235 Jerome St., Toledo, Ohio, $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 128

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sive; the second, that impeachment proceedings are seldom resorted to in any case. What Mr. Patman hopes is that the Judiciary Committee will recommend further action, that the House will thereupon order an investigation which will find the charges well founded, and that the House will then order an impeachment trial in the Senate, with the Senators acting as jurors.

The fact is, however, that impeachment trials are rarely ordered—there have been only nine in Federal history—save when the charges are downright damning or party feeling is bitter, as it was during the impeachment of President Johnson, but as it is not today. About the only convincing charge thus far made against Secretary Mellon is that, staying too long in his present post, he ruined his title as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." It is hard to believe that Mr. Patman is serious.

▸▸*Custom of the County*

WHEREAS the roots of law are embedded in custom and customs now developing will exert tremendous influence on future laws; and

Whereas Sheriff Farley of New York County has testified before the Seabury investigating committee that about $15,000 in his personal account was derived from interest on funds of litigants entrusted to his care; and

Whereas Sheriff Farley has testified that he did not take the interest on the principal until a cashier in his office brought the happy news that such was the custom, but that thereupon he lost no time in transferring an interest account he had carried as Sheriff to his own personal account; and

Whereas it has been testified that thereafter Sheriff Farley's personal account was at times credited with all the interest on the funds of the litigants, at times with two-thirds of the interest and at other times with only one-third of it; and that in at least one instance interest credited to his personal account was restored to the official account; and

Whereas, it is claimed in Sheriff Farley's behalf that the diversion to his personal account of all the interest is in line with custom, and

Whereas Sheriff Farley has testified that it was his intent to apply to his individual and exclusive use the whole of the accumulated interest: Therefore, be it

Resolved, That if this custom is to become law, Sheriff Farley—and every other sheriff in a like position—be allowed to sue for, collect and retain all interest funds which, according to testimony before the committee, he restored to the official account or did not appropriate in entirety.

All in favor signify by saying aye the reponents no the ayes is got it.

▸▸*Tabloid Wedding*

ROMANCE, sweet spirit, has been hovering softly over Gotham. Fair Romance, under the auspices of the New York *Graphic*-RKO-Albee Leap Year Contest, which offered the young lady writing the best letter of proposal to the man of her choice the prize of a wedding on the vaudeville stage. Gotham's sons have received such declarations—duly printed by the *Graphic*—as, "Sweetheart, I want the blessings of marriage to complete my paradise," and, "I feel you are the one and only for me because of your fine character . . . . Your high ideals, especially in regard to women, but really toward all with whom you come in contact, have urged me to offer you my heart and affection till death do us part."

They "stood 'em up" in the aisles of a Brooklyn theatre for the wedding of the winner, Miss Gertrude Rosen, and the man of her choice, George Markowitz. The curtains parted, revealing a small silver-decorated stage on the main stage. Then the "Lohengrin" march, compliments of the management. Bridesmaids, maid of honor and best man, compliments of the performers on the week's vaudeville bill. Guard of honor, compliments of the ushers. Extra police to handle the crowds, compliments of the city. Kisses for the bride, the groom and even the officiating Brooklyn justice, compliments of two of the Four Marx Brothers. Bride's trousseau and wedding ring, compliments of a local store. Furniture and other gifts, compliments of other local stores. And so on.

Good old Romance, still boosting newspaper circulation and packing theatres when nothing else can. Romance, doing business as usual. Romance, fundamentally sound.

Fitzpatrick—St. Louis Post Dispatch

LIKE A GOOD DEED IN A WICKED WORLD

▸▸*In Brief*

FORTY-FOUR days after he had entered the banking business Andrew Mellon's son Paul had been made a director of two banks, which goes to show what one can do by sticking everlastingly at it . . . . What next, for heaven's sake? Here's Dr. Julius Klein of the Department of Commerce refusing to make a prophecy about business . . . . Brief current events test: Identify and distinguish between (1) the Cox who is thinking of running for President, (2) the Coxey who is running for President and (3) the Cox who ran for President in 1920 . . . . The directors of the Anti-Saloon League declare that "Bishop Cannon stands today, and ought to go down in history, as a great champion of freedom of conscience and intellect." Say what you will about that statement, certainly it isn't hackneyed . . . . Talking about President Hoover, Governor Murray of Oklahoma says, "I don't think he knows where he stands." Talking about Franklin D. Roosevelt, he says that Roosevelt "does not stand up and does not quite measure up to the standard." Talking about Newton D. Baker, he says that Baker is a "baby playing with foreign questions such as the League of Nations." Talking about himself, "Not talking about myself."

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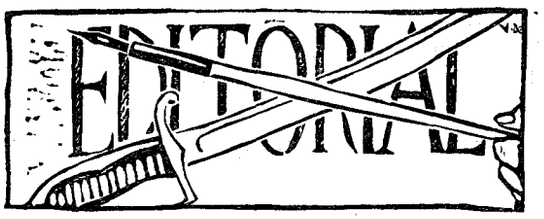
Justice Holmes' Successor



"THERE is Holmes," some one has said, "and then there are all the other judges." There are all the other judges, he might have said, and then there are Holmes and Cardozo. It is our hope that, by the time this appears in print, President Hoover will have named Benjamin Nathan Cardozo to succeed the retiring Oliver Wendell Holmes as justice of the United States Supreme Court. If Mr. Cardozo is not appointed to succeed Mr. Holmes, we trust he will eventually be named to succeed one of the other Supreme Court justices, three of whom—Van Devanter, Brandeis and Sutherland—are now or soon will be eligible for retirement. It is true that, if Mr. Cardozo were promoted to the Supreme Court from his present position—that of Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals—the country's gain would be New York's loss. But the fact remains that Judge Cardozo is entitled to promotion by right of brilliance. The fact remains that the highest court in the land needs him more than the highest court in the state.

THANKS largely to Judge Cardozo, the liberal spirit of the New York court is well established. The liberal spirit of the highest Federal tribunal is new and uncertain. When it has acted as a unit, the great team of Holmes, Brandeis, Stone, Roberts and Hughes has rendered liberal decisions. But there are nine judges of the Supreme Court —Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler are the four others—and a liberal majority of one is precarious. So is the common assumption that Roberts and Hughes will always vote with the liberal group. Of Cardozo there could be no doubt. A shade more conservative than Holmes, he is otherwise Holmes to the image—one reason why he would make Holmes' ideal successor. Like Holmes, Cardozo is primarily a scholar and legal philosopher; like Holmes, he clothes his opinions in pure and striking English; like Holmes, he has written on fundamentals of the law in words which the legal profession cherishes. There is the same basic squareness in both men, the same tolerance of all points of view, the same cordiality toward new ideas. Whenever the liberal majority of the Supreme Court numbers seven or eight, the court may be able to dispense with these qualities in new members. With its reactionary wing numbering four and five and sometimes even six or seven justices, it cannot dispense with them now. Today, perhaps more than ever before, are our institutions, customs, beliefs—social, economic, political—under shrewd and scientific scrutiny. Today more than ever before, if we are to profit by our experiences, the free exchange of ideas must be permitted to proceed without hindrance. That Cardozo, directly by his own opinions, indirectly by his influence on the other judges, would help keep the channels open for this exchange is manifest.

THREE things Holmes stands for, and Cardozo stands for the three—merciful justice, unfettered thought and speech, freedom for a majority of the people, through their legislatures, to write their aspirations into law. "There is an old legend," Cardozo has said, "that on one occasion God prayed and His prayer was, 'Be it my will that my justice be ruled by my mercy.'" And writing of Holmes he has said: "Serenity is there, and gentleness, and most of all benignancy."

"Only in one field is compromise to be excluded or kept within the narrowest limits," says Cardozo. "There shall be no compromise of the freedom to think one's thoughts and speak them, except at those extreme borders where thought merges into action." Here he is not only describing Holmes' attitude; he is also describing his own. And Holmes himself has written: "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate." It was Holmes, too, who wrote that "when men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe . . . . that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of the truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out."

BOTH Holmes and Cardozo, standing for human rights first and property rights second, believe in the right of state legislatures to experiment, particularly by enacting welfare legislation. Warmly Cardozo quotes Holmes' statement: "There is nothing that I more deprecate than the use of the Fourteenth Amendment beyond the absolute compulsion of its words to prevent the making of social experiments that an important part of the community desires, in the insulated chambers afforded by the several states." Even more plainly, Holmes has said: "I think the proper course is to recognize that a state legislature can do whatever it sees fit to do unless it is restrained by some express prohibition in the Constitution of the United States or of the state." As for Cardozo, though he has the hearty admiration of every able corporation lawyer in New York, his record abounds with instances in which he has rejected the claims of powerful business organizations in favor of the claims of humble citizens.

Finally, there are in both Holmes and Cardozo those familiar qualities of first-rate minds—that touch of skepticism toward their dearest convictions; that serene reluctance to take themselves too seriously. Cardozo, lover of liberty, quoting de Tocqueville, reminds us that "one kind of liberty may cancel and destroy another." Holmes, truth seeker, has called truth "the majority vote of that nation that could lick all others." "Do justice, sir," some one called to Holmes one day as he walked toward the court. "I am not here to do justice," he replied. "I am here to play the game according to the rules." Charles Francis Adams, Cardozo recalls, uttered a sigh of satisfaction as he reflected that he had gone through life without making a conspicuous ass of himself. That, says Cardozo, "is my own pæan of jubilation at the end of each judicial year."

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IT MAY BE that we are too trusting, but we are inclined to doubt all this talk to the effect that Al Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt have quarreled publicly or privately, and that Al has set out to prevent his political protégé from winning the Democratic presidential nomination. Nor do we place any stock in suggestions that the two are staging a sham battle in the belief that Al's seeming enmity will strengthen the governor in the South and West. Certain Democratic Senators from the West, we know, have urged this sort of strategy on Mr. Roosevelt, but we doubt if he treats it seriously. Were he to do so it would, sooner or later, become known and it would prove a boomerang. Mr. Smith, we believe, is too forthright an individual to enter into such a game of hide-and-seek.

Several Senators, dry and Southern, who went down the line for Al in 1928, and who are now just as strong for Roosevelt, assure us that the two distinguished New Yorkers are still on the best of terms. Whether that applies to their political relationship nobody seems to know, inasmuch as Al and Frank, we understand, eschew talk of personal politics when they get together. Whether Mr. Smith wants another chance or not the fact remains that Mr. Roosevelt is hot after the nomination, and outright speculation on their futures would, naturally, prove embarrassing.

DESPITE Mr. Smith's great popular vote in 1928, and economic and prohibition developments which show him to have been a minor prophet, we see little chance for him to win another nomination. Even among his loyal—indeed, loving—admirers the opinion prevails that prospects are too bright to endanger them by renewing, in even more violent form, the religious war. For all the turn of the tide against the Volstead Act, the stream of political opinion runs rather dry in many normally Democratic sections of the nation. In eddies and backwashes, where the anti-prohibition tides never penetrate, there are Democratic, or anti-Administration votes to be garnered, and party leaders, from Senators to sheriffs, oppose the nomination of Al. Such men as Pat Harrison of Mississippi and Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, though they lined up boldly for Al in 1928, are now for Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Smith has only a small remnant of the politicians who put him over four years ago. He has lost such influential groups as Tammany, the Pennsylvania faction, the Ohio and Indiana crowd and a squadron of far Western leaders who were his enthusiastic backers in the last convention campaign. He has as a nucleus little more than the municipal machines of Boston and Chicago in so far as go-getters for delegates are concerned.

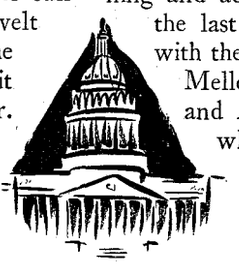
We discover, too, that the friends of Albert C. Ritchie, Maryland's able and handsome governor, intend to make a serious fight on his behalf. They figure that Bert stepped aside for Al in 1924 and 1928—though, truth to tell, he did not have far to step—and that their hero ought to have a turn. Although his chief hope is as a compromise candidate, Mr. Ritchie appears quite confident—even cocky. He is shaking hands, delivering many speeches and getting around the country—making many friends and few enemies. Indeed, if Al decides to play the rôle of referee rather than candidate, we would not be surprised to see the Marylander offer stiff opposition to Governor Roosevelt In their unwritten reckonings the Ritchie lieutenants—perhaps a bit optimistically—figure that Mr. Roosevelt can and will be stopped. They also believe that Mr. Smith will be unable to come back. Looking around the field, they eliminate Newton D. Baker because of his zeal for Wilsonian ideals of internationalism, and Owen D. Young, for his power and big business connections. Though we do not subscribe whole-heartedly to this conclusion, merely recording it as the pro-Ritchie viewpoint, there is much to be said for it. For, with Roosevelt, Smith, Baker and Young out, the Democratic list is not so formidable—a few sectionally minded Senators, unknown ex-governors and their successors.

Mr. Roosevelt's hope, therefore, lies in a sudden smash that will capture the necessary two-thirds vote, Mr. Ritchie's in a not-too-long contest. Should it begin to look like another Madison Square Garden affair, we imagine, from the temper of leading Democrats, that they will force a compromise, regardless of whom it hurts among the more outstanding candidates. And, in such an event, many will place bets on a dark horse like Senator Robert J. Bulkley of Ohio or Melvin A. Traylor, Illinois banker.

Strange though these suggestions may sound, they fit into the picture framed by Democrats who, dreading another battle royal on the part of the better known men, conclude with the comment that "it looks like a good year to pick an unknown of the friendly, foeless Warren Harding type."

WHILE the Democrats stage these winter talkfests, all is politically quiet around the White House if we credit Theodore Joslin, secretary to the President, and James Francis Burke, general counsel of the Republican National Committee. President Hoover, they inform us—and the public—is too much occupied with his program of economic recovery to think or talk politics. In fact, he has put a ban on discussions of "partisan politics" in his presence. Like the Buddhist image, he hears nothing, sees nothing, does nothing which is remotely associated with his renomination and reëlection.

Of all the naïve—to be charitable—pronouncements that have come from the White House in recent years, this takes the prize. The executive offices were never such hives of political planning and activity as they have been in the last few months. The cabinet, with the sole exceptions of Secretary Mellon, who can't make a speech, and Attorney General Mitchell, who is clearly disbarred, has been on the stump, shamelessly, for the last six months. Among Mr. Hoover's visitors within twenty-four hours of Mr. Joslin's statement were such ethereal and non-political figures as Burke, Postmaster-General Brown, Frank Hitchcock and C. Bascom Slemp—four of the most ruthless and reactionary political bosses in the Grand Old Party.



To our mind this sort of silly, Boy Scout stuff fools nobody. Mr. Hoover would not be human did he not give a thought to politics and his political future, and the people of the nation expect him to. He—and the country—might be better off, we suggest, if he were more politically minded in the constitutional sense.

A. F. C.

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Virgins on the Shelf

By JAMES W. POLING

BROADWAY *Virgin, Impatient Virgin, Professional Virgin,* even *The Last Virgin*—the number of virgin-novels to be found listed by the nation's publishers is almost endless. Why this abnormal increase in interest in the literary virgin? Has the chaste lady become so unique that she is a fitting subject for an endless number of books? Has she become such a rarity that the public hopes only to encounter her between the covers of a book?

Whatever the explanation, it is certain that there is a tremendous increase in the number of sex novels being published for an apparently never-to-be-sated public. Not that this category of books is limited for subject matter solely to virgins, though they do predominate. 1930 was the great *Ex*-year. The year of *Ex-Wife, Ex-Mistress, Ex-Nurse* and other ladies who boasted of pasts most noteworthy for their lurid moments. But the cry was always for rawer and redder meat. Not long was the reader willing to sit back and be told "all." He insisted that he be allowed to become a party to the action and that his heroines be given to him in their pristine purity so that he might accompany them step by step through the numerous heavily scented boudoirs that marked their erring footsteps. First-hand, inside stuff—nothing less would satisfy. And so, early in 1931, came the virgin-novel.

But even in this best of all possible lands there can only be a certain number of virginal types. And soon the titler was forced farther afield, and so we have *Blonde Baby, Speakeasy Girl, The Nuptial Night* and others of the same vintage. In fact, there are now on the market, or about to be published, a greater number of cheap sex novels than have ever before appeared on the American book market. And, too, these cheap books, though dealing with stock situations, are franker, broader and more detailed in their descriptive passages than would have been believed possible a decade ago.

Certainly some significance, however unpleasant, is implicit in this situation. It is obvious at the outset that books of this class possess no literary merit. They are the work of competent hack writers who are following a definite formula and meeting a popular demand.

One newspaper owner is reported to have said to his editors, "Give 'em sex. Even the dogs understand it." And the editors of the innumerable "pulp" magazines have as a primary rule of their work the saying, "Never give your readers anything new. They can't understand it. Give them the same old story in a different dress." Therefore follow the formula and "give 'em sex." These are the two factors which the writer of the virgin-novel keeps ever uppermost in his mind.

The influence of the confession magazine has been nation-wide, while the tabloid newspaper exerts an almost wholly metropolitan influence, yet both have been very powerful in shaping the minds of readers throughout the country. And the widespread popularity of this type of magazine and newspaper was an open invitation to fiction writers to utilize in their writing the main ingredients which were responsible for this success.

Indeed, the *Ex-Wife, Ex-Mistress* books were nothing more nor less than novel-length stories of the type constantly appearing in the confession magazines. Whereas the *Hot Baby, Speakeasy Girl* type of jazz literature exercises the same appeal as the tabloid and is composed of the same ingredients—The Main Stem, gangsters, night clubs, penthouses and love nests. Mix them together, add a heroine with a *svelte* figure, *sloe* eyes, and hot blood—and you have a best seller.

But the tabloid tie-up is even closer. Many of these novels have as characters only slightly veiled public figures. They suggest that they give the "real inside dope." *Speakeasy Girl* was reputed to give the truth about the Vivian Gordon murder and to show her connection with Arnold Rothstein. The Seabury Commission had hardly begun its inquiry into the vice scandal when we had the novel *The Vice Squad,* again giving reputedly "inside stuff." City editors hadn't shoved the Starr Faithful case any farther back than the third page before *The Fateful Star Murder Case* appeared.

In *Virtue Ok'd* the publisher's blurb tells us that "the virtue of Molly O'Hare, daughter of a Tenth Avenue beer truck driver, was not an underworld virtue. It was a real virtue and it was protected by all the power of the biggest shot in the beer racket. This story tells how Molly won fame and respect and decent love, even though she was regarded as a gangster's woman, was framed by a dirty rat and railroaded to a reformatory."

AND in the same advertisement appears *Women To Love,* "a flaming story of a love that blazed through Chicago's underworld and spoke in terms of gunfire. The Chicago underworld furnishes this blazing story of the neglected wife of a young beer baron, czar among gangsters. He sidetracks his love-hungry young wife to concentrate on efficiency in beer running and machine-gun barrages and calls on his chief lieutenant to keep her amused. Here is the beginning of trouble that leads to an unarranged murder and a final cleansing of faithlessness." *Bodies Are Dust* narrates the amorous adventures of a crooked police inspector. *The Ace of Jades* is the confession of a "big time gun-moll," and so on, *ad nauseam.*

Murder! Gin! Vice! Dope! A love nest! A blonde baby! They're in yesterday's tabloids and tomorrow's novels.

The publishers themselves labor under no delusions as to the quality of the bill of fare they have to offer. The publishers' attitude may be learned from *The American News of Books,* a trade journal intended for the retail bookseller and not for the general reader. It treats of books falling into the virgin-novel class in the following manner:

A Girl Must Marry. This babe knows the formula. Her lollypops with generous dashes of cinnamon are first-class rental confections.

Impatient Virgin. The author of "Millie" and "Louis Berretti" has tossed another crack retail item to the trade. The title won't hurt it a bit.

Personal Maid. This thing is pure hokum, of course, but it has the keyhole confession appeal which will send it into good sales

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figures. It's just what the ribbon counter girl dreams about.

It is plain that publishers are dishing out sex coldly and consciously, without a thought to the quality of the book and caring only for the gold to be seduced from the pocket of the moronic spender.

WHEN the tabloid newspapers and the confession magazines first made their public appearances they were viewed with alarm by the official and unofficial guardians of the public morals. These Comstocks, however, soon recognized the futility of opposing the tastes of the great mass of readers and made a graceful exit from the scene, muttering, "Ah, well, only the stenographers and kitchen scullions will read such stuff." To those who wish to evade the issue presented by the great mass of sex slush which is now being ground out for an eager public the same avenue of escape is open. But the evasion is even less honest now than it was originally, for, obviously, reading matter of this class is not confined solely to that section of the public possessing the lowest *IQ*.

Every one in any way connected with the book business has had the opportunity to see these tawdry novels on the shelves of rental libraries patronized by only the "best" people, displayed on the counters and sold in quantities by the most exclusive book shops, and prominently placed on the reading tables of supposedly normal and intelligent people. Sex has, indeed, raised its head in the homes of the *élite*, and not even Rotary can escape its ugly smirk.

Is there then no remedy for these literary young ladies with their uncontrollable urges? Censorship is the obvious answer, but the futility of what is at the moment conceived to be censorship can readily be shown.

Some weeks ago John S. Summer, crusader against vice-in-any-presentable-form, descended upon a reputable New York book store. After a lengthy search, extending even to the basement of the store, he emerged triumphantly with a few copies of two high-priced erotic books of small circulation, one of which is in use in several universities. While Mr. Summer was in the cellar gathering dust on his suit there was to be had, for the asking and two dollars, from the open shelves of the store, *Grounds for Indecency*—"To save her father, who is involved in financial difficulties and on the point of committing suicide, Nita Ralston has but one asset, her virginal beauty. At a meeting of her father's creditors she brings the treasure of her beauty and puts it in the scales. One man intervenes, not only to save her father, but to try to save her from her own self-sacrifice. What happens to them, how love flowers out of a moment of shame and honor from dishonor, makes a wonderful story"; *Broadway Virgin*, "Nita Malone, kissable but unkept, smart little beauty, sings and sells cigarettes at the tough Hot Spot Night Club. She's willing to give anything to Broadway but her virginity. She becomes involved, innocently, in a gang war. But when the smoke clears away, Nita is her lover's virgin bride"; *The Nuptial Night*, "It is on her honeymoon that Una Crippenham suddenly realizes that it is impossible for her to have the electric thrill of passion with the man whom she has just married. When a train wreck obliges them to put up for their nuptial night in a small hotel, they arrange to stay in separate rooms . . . . But Una has her nuptial night with a man (whom she thought she had lost) in circumstances so ingeniously strange that it would be hard to find in present-day fiction a situation to match it in cleverness and charm"; and many others of the same rank vintage. The quotations are from the publisher's blurbs. It is obvious that Mr. Summer, searching in the cellar, is not the answer to the problem.

Nor is it probable that censorship of any form can cope with the situation. While it is a sad commentary upon our mass intelligence, it is true, nevertheless, that the public demands this output. The Volsteadian era has taught us that what the public wants it will get, and that to attempt to thwart public desire by legal means is to bring chaos to bedlam. It seems inevitable that, so long as the public demands titillating sex novels it will get them—unless the publishers recognize their responsibility and exercise a self-imposed censorship. But that is too Utopian even to be considered.

What, then, is the fundamental reason underlying the very noticeable increase in the demand for books of a decidedly lurid tint? While it is probably impossible to analyze completely the many contributory factors which have given rise to this condition, the main cause can be indicated. These books are the outgrowth of mass frustration and are th sublimation of racial inhibitions, some would say. Frustration, perhaps. Certain it is that the greater majority of these books are read by women. That in itself is a significant fact; the significance of which if expounded might prove to be embarrassing to the masculine element in the nation.

But it can hardly be due solely to frustration. If we are to believe the evidence of our senses we are living in an uninhibited era of greater license, greater sexual freedom and promiscuity than this nation has hitherto known. Under such circumstances we would expect quite the converse situation; we would expect a public too blasé to be stimulated by the vicarious thrill of the tartly written "torch-tome."

PROHIBITION? It is the general policy these days to trace all ills directly back to the Eighteenth Amendment, but in this instance I am afraid that prohibition will not prove to be so convenient. Prohibition can be held to blame only to the extent in which it contributed to the breakdown of our conventions and our moral sense immediately following the war. Therein, I believe, lies the answer. It is platitudinous now to mention that as the aftermath of the war came a breakdown of our formal social structure, in so far as taboos, restraints and conventions were concerned. The loosening of these bonds and the resultant stress that was placed upon individualism meant only one thing—freedom, greater freedom. Whenever freedom's fine flag is unfurled sex is generally the first single element in the individual's life to be unchained.

The last thirteen years have seen a cumulative growth of sexual freedom in this country; a freedom expressing itself particularly in writing and speech, but it is only in the large metropolitan areas that any amount of actual sexual independence has been achieved. So we have a public that accepts with the greatest placidity the utmost license in talk and writing about sex. In all but two or three of the largest cities, however, the act of sex itself is still a furtive thing, to be carried on clandestinely and with the greatest secrecy.

We have the phenomenon of freedom of speech going hand in hand with a definite taboo upon action. Freedom of speech stimulates, even as do virgin-books, but it does not satisfy. Inevitably, this constant stimulation without satisfaction, aided and abetted by newspapers, magazines, books and talkies, produced a

(Continued on Page 126)

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The Kansas Optimist

A Portrait of Jouett Shouse, Democratic Seer

By LESLIE WALLACE

TWENTY years ago Jouett Shouse, now chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee, arrived in Republican Kansas, a Kentucky Democrat, dapper, courtly, precise of speech, wearing spats and rimless nose glasses, and wielding a walking stick among some of the widest open spaces in the United States. There, as a Bourbon *rampant* on a wheatfield *couchant*, he convinced the rugged yeomanry of southwestern Kansas that he was entitled to political preferment.

This should be distinction enough, but Mr. Shouse possesses other claims to eminence. For example, in the pursuit of an objective he can and does complete more long-distance telephone calls, dispatch more messages by wire and wireless, travel a greater number of miles by land, sea and air and surmount more impassable barriers, than most of his contemporaries in politics or private life can contemplate with complete tranquillity.

No night is dark, dank or otherwise inclement enough to discourage Mr. Shouse in the pursuit of any mission upon which he may embark. Which is, perhaps, a rather circuitous means of reaching the conclusion that Mr. Shouse is somewhat indefatigable—he is. He is also quite versatile, although it so happens that at the moment he is engaged in the pursuit of the Republican party, with a wholly definite and restricted singleness of purpose.

Many years ago in Kentucky a friendship began between the father of Jouett Shouse and Champ Clark, candidate in 1912 for the Democratic presidential nomination, who was then a struggling young man seeking to obtain an education for himself and his sister, a goal to which he was assisted in a material way by the elder Shouse. Forty years later, because of this inherited friendship, Mr. Shouse, whose memory improves with age, corralled the Democratic delegates to the national convention for the Missourian and incidentally made his debut in politics. Many politicians would have placed Mr. Clark's letter on file, feeling that friendship's debt had been obliterated with the fullness of the passing years, but not the unwearying Mr. Shouse.

Mr. Shouse, besides being one of our most illustrious indefatigables, is also one of our preëminent optimists, gazing through rose-colored glasses into the kaleidoscope of life, more especially political life. Otherwise, he would not have been found in Republican Kansas in March, 1911, a somewhat elegant Kentucky Democrat, seeking political preferment in those agrarian fastnesses. He did,

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however, embark upon that venturesome enterprise, and one may be skeptical or not, within fifteen months he was chairman of the county delegation of his party to the state convention and was credited with wielding the balance of power which gave the delegates of that convention to Champ Clark for the Democratic presidential nomination; six months of mere average duration had barely elapsed when he was elected to the Kansas Senate, and *tempus*, despite its very best efforts to *fugit*, had negotiated a scant two years when he was taking the oath at Washington as a member of the House of Representatives.

The story of his adventure in optimism, which is only another name for indefatigability, is by way of being a classic.

When Mr. Shouse arrived in Kansas disguised in the habiliments of Blue Grass aristocracy, it perhaps would be conceded even by those inclined to overnice distinctions that he had had no previous political experience. Otherwise he would not have had the temerity to embark on a political adventure in such spacious places attired in those irritating habiliments. Consequently it is not surprising to find, on recourse to the facts, that Mr. Shouse had had no such experience. The record discloses he once made a speech at a press convention in Kentucky, possibly reading it from a manuscript in a wan and agitated manner. Also some persons in Louisville, with a flair for clairvoyance, once suggested to him that he run for mayor of the city. He declined the proffered political honor, taking the stand at that time that politics were venal and their purification a bit of iridescent imagery. Subsequently in Kansas, where the magnificent, unobstructed distances enable one to penetrate to the farthest horizon, Mr. Shouse revised his previous opinions upward.

That Mr. Shouse came honestly by his spats, walking stick and rimless nose glasses, and was not trying to high-hat the tillers of the stubborn glebe in southwestern Kansas, is seen in the fact that he is a native of the Blue Grass state, born at Midway, a small village fourteen miles from Louisville, the son of William Shouse, a minister of the Christian church. He was educated at Moberly, Mo., where he worked as a reporter on the Mexico *Ledger*, and at the University of Missouri, where he supported himself during his last two years in college by writing sport news for the Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago papers, coloring those reports for the home teams, it is fair to assume, with the optimism which home teams everywhere demand and deserve, and with which he was so generously endowed.

MR. Shouse left the university at the end of his junior year and returned to Lexington, where he was reporter, managing editor and business manager of the Lexington *Herald*; where he established and edited the *Kentucky Farmer and Breeder* for four years; where he was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and Blue Grass Fair; where he handled the Lexington office of a bond and brokerage house, and where he organized the Home Telephone Company, as a protest against inferior service being furnished by the existing Bell company. It is a distinct achievement for his cult of optimism to record that the home company eventually swallowed up the Bell exchange, which is said to be one of the few, if not the only, instance on record in which the smile was not on the face of the tiger. It will be seen that while he was in Lexington,

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if the proverbial blue grass grew under anybody's feet, it was not under the feet of the energetic Mr. Shouse.

The ancient pleasantry touching the problematical date of the wedding anniversary probably will never arise to plague Jouett Shouse, for his advent into Kansas and into politics in 1911 was practically coincident with his marriage to Miss Marian Edwards, daughter of R. E. Edwards, a wealthy banker and landowner of Kinsley, Kansas. Returning one day from his father-in-law's ranch in Edwards county, he was informed he was wanted on the long-distance telephone. A group of politicians from Larned, an adjacent county seat, was coming over to see him about making the race as the Democratic candidate for the state senate in the 38th senatorial district.

Under the political conditions existing in southwestern Kansas at that time, this was a fantastic notion. The idea of a Democratic candidate for political office in southwestern Kansas in those days would have supplied rich inspiration for a comic strip but had little practical value otherwise. Perhaps at this very moment Mr. Shouse became a convert to the doctrine of optimism. In any event he removed his rimless nose glasses, polished them until they glittered, and replacing them with some deliberation, informed the committee he would think it over. That night Mr. Shouse thought it over, Mrs. Shouse thought it over and his father-in-law, R. E. Edwards, weighed the matter carefully. Shouse discovered that he had made no mistake in the choice of a father-in-law. The traditional antagonism did not exist between the two and, instead of knocking his son-in-law down, the father-in-law urged him to make the race and proffered him every assistance. The proffer of assistance tilted the scales, which had theretofore been balanced delicately, and tilted them affirmatively.

If in the wide range of requirements for a Democratic candidate for the state senate in the 38th senatorial district of Kansas in the fall of 1912 one thing was needed more pressingly than another, it was encouragement. So in June, 1912, Shouse decided to make the race. Even though he had just embarked on a career of optimism unparalleled in politics, it is doubtful if he expected to be elected. If he had such expectations it is probable no one else shared them.

Shouse spoke at every crossroad in the eighteen counties of the district in the ensuing four months. He spoke in practically every schoolhouse. When he began his campaign he didn't know a soul in all the district, and it was a trying ordeal. There were five southwestern counties that didn't have a railroad. The farmhouses were miles apart, and only an occasional windmill, like the masts of a ship at sea, broke the monotony of the level plain. Shouse got into an automobile at Garden City, with a driver he had never seen before in his life, and spent four days in those railroadless counties. Shouse carried the district by 200 majority. He carried every ward in Larned, nearby county seat, the home of his opponent.

For the first time in the history of the state, both branches of the legislature were Democratic. Shouse rented the largest house in Topeka and entertained lavishly. His first act on reaching Topeka was to call a caucus of the Senate's Democrats at an elaborate dinner for them. He was made chairman of the ways and means committee. Nothing happened in the 1913 session, but when the legislature of 1915 assembled Shouse was conceded to be the senate leader. Senator Arthur Capper then was the Republican governor, and he was endeavoring to pare down the appropriations for the state educational institutions in an economy program, as a basis for reëlection. Shouse, with his violent aversion for an unfinished job, gave up his salary as a member of Congress for three weeks —he had just been elected to Congress —to conduct his fight for education, and when he left for Washington the educational institutions were not downhearted.

The success of Shouse in state politics had placed a rainbow around his political shoulder, and he was the logical candidate of the Democrats for Congress in the "Big Seventh" in 1914. Under ordinary circumstances the appearance of a Democratic candidate for Congress in the Seventh congressional district of Kansas was not a melodramatic event. There was a general feeling that perhaps those responsible for the extravagance were a bit unstable emotionally, but aside from that the gesture attracted no attention whatever, and the name was placed on the ballot as a mere formality and to contribute to the legality of the election.

This drawing was used to illustrate Mr. Shouse's Christmas card

The conditions in 1914 were exceptional, however. The hour of the Bull Moose had struck, and there was a three-cornered race in the "Big Seventh." A Progressive, a regular Republican and a Democrat were the contenders. Shouse carried the district by 1700 and went to Congress. By 1916, when the time came for reëlection, the transplanted Kentucky Democrat had gained so much prestige in Congress and in his district that although the Bull Moose had galloped off to the setting sun, Shouse carried the district against his Republican opponent by 7,500—up to that time the largest majority ever given a candidate for Congress in the district.

In 1918 Shouse was defeated for a third term by a majority of 10,000. The defeat was inevitable. In a district normally Republican he had been naming postmasters and making other political appointments for four years, a performance more hazardous than transatlantic flying. Besides it was an off year. The war was on. An influenza epidemic had made public meetings taboo and as a result Shouse was able to make only a few speeches. But transcending all else, this was the year Woodrow Wilson appealed to the country for a Democratic Congress.

The 38th Kansas senatorial district and the Seventh congressional district which Shouse represented are the largest geographically in the United States. The senatorial district contained, and contains today, eighteen counties of more than average size. The congressional district contains thirty-two counties of the same generous proportions. The congressional district is so large that the state of Massachusetts could be superimposed upon it without disturbing any of the wild jackasses which are presumed to be indigenous to its soil, and the district contains more land than the arable area of Japan. Moreover, with the single exception of the political revolution which was responsible for the rise of "Sockless" Jerry Simpson more than thirty years ago, the districts—both senatorial and congressional—have been giving Republican majorities of the traditionally inhuman type since Kansas became a state. Hence it will be seen that one engaging in the task of political miracle-working under such highly dispiriting circumstances must be not only an optimist but must have also an abiding faith in fairies.

In Congress the political rainbow which had encircled the young Kentuckian's shoulder on his arrival in Kansas did not fade. He made an excep-

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Dollar-Grabbers at the Bar

By LOUIS COCHRAN

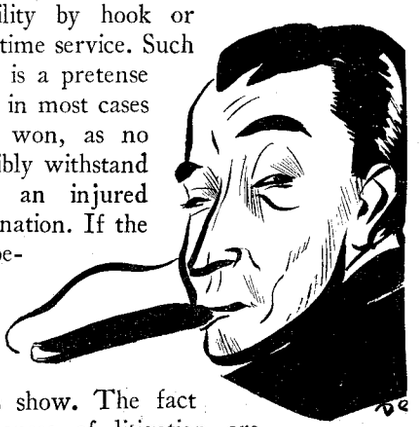
THE idealistic legal neophyte believes he is entering the noblest profession among men when he first hangs out his shingle and waits hopefully for the day when the blind goddess will beckon to him to hold the scales of justice. He believes with all the fervor of deluded youth that law is the application of philosophy to human conduct; that the history of his profession is a story of justice studded with mercy; that such long-forgotten philippics as the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence are something more than strings of mere words.

He does not know, though the years will teach him, convincingly and cruelly, that lawing is no longer a profession, in the old meaning of the word, but a business, self-seeking and mercenary. He will find that the world no longer looks to the followers of Coke and Blackstone for leadership, as real leadership is reckoned, and that the procedure of the infamous Jeffreys is too often the code of conduct of many of his fellows. In time the youthful barrister will come to recognize that the business of being a lawyer is on a par with the undertaker and the corner groceryman, and that he who ballyhoos the loudest is the one who gets the cream of the trade. In time will come the inevitable compromise, or an entry into another livelihood.

Even the impecunious novice of the bar must eat and soon enough he learns the road which leads not only to redundancy, but to rotundity. There are lawyers who hang around police courts and make a comfortable and not overly arduous living defending petty criminals and ordinance violators kindly referred to them by obliging policemen. There are lawyers who maintain expensive suites with brisk and cheery girls who make a speciality of damage suits, and who have "friends and former clients" who make it their business and glory in life to "leg it" for His Eminence, the Attorney.

Forsooth, there are even lawyers who specialize in personal injury suits to such an extent that their office is burdened with the multitude of them, so much so that the litigant frequently finds to his chagrin that the settlement secured by his lawyer over the telephone is no more —even less, than the one offered him by the insurance adjuster. And the little which he hath, according to the time-honored Biblical injunction, must needs be taken away from him in various expenses and attorney fees.

Then there is the newest type of lawyer, sprung as a direct aftermath of the war. This type specializes in War Risk Insurance Claims and too frequently, for the more sacrosanct brethren of the profession, are said to have many feelers out among the veterans who can trace a present disability by hook or crook to war-time service. Such suits, if there is a pretense of injury, are in most cases automatically won, as no jury can possibly withstand the plea of an injured savior of the nation. If the veteran bled before, it is Uncle Sam who is bled now, as the court records show. The fact that the expenses of litigation are borne by the government if the veteran wins, and that the attorney fees often per cent in most cases come to a thousand dollars a case, makes it not only a most pleasing but a mutually profitable business for all except Uncle Sam.



The proudest lord of the legal world is now the corporation lawyer, in many instances an officer or director of the company he represents, who has gradually but surely pushed his brother, the criminal lawyer, out of the financial limelight. Yet the glib-mouthed brethren who successfully barricade the Al Capones and Legs Diamonds behind a three-hundred-year-old clutter of legal technicalities make good fees and can well afford to smile indulgently as others rant unctuously of legal ethics at the state bar conventions.

But the greatest, and the farthest flung, both in rewards, numbers and growing influence, of all the legal rackets is the commercial law racket, the machinations of which are wondrous to behold. Ordinarily the commercial lawyer begins by collecting accounts for local tradesmen, in many cases reluctantly and with a feeling that he is besmirching the slightly dented escutcheon of his profession, but once he discovers the financial rewards of the business he hastens to crowd into that already densely populated branch of legal erudition and zealously sets himself to the acquisition of law lists over which the more dignified and better-paying accounts of wholesalers may be sent him.

When he succeeds in establishing himself as a collector of wholesale accounts he frequently refuses to sully his hands with retail collections and confines all his efforts to this higher branch of the profession. Once the commercial lawyer succeeds in securing claims, aggregating $500, against a retail merchant he will, if the anticipated fee justifies, throw the harassed debtor into the bankrupt court if the unsuspecting merchant has committed the fatal error of attempting while insolvent to pay anything to any one of his creditors, and has not distributed his money equally among all.

It was the favorite policy of Stonewall Jackson, so history says, to isolate his enemies and to annihilate them one by one, and this procedure most tradesmen adopt in paying their obligations. Such a plan, however good in strategy, is a preference and constitutes an act of bankruptcy under Section 3, Chapter III, of the Federal Bankruptcy Act, and once the astute commercial lawyer can get wind of such a heinous prostitution of the national law he is quick to act as a diligent officer of the court and to punish the offender by throwing the erring merchant into the bankrupt court, where virtue is not alone its own reward but bringeth, also, a fat fee to the attorney for the creditors. That most frequently the estate is swallowed by attorney fees and costs is no concern of the commercial lawyer. For such, it is self-evident, is the will of God.

IN THE larger towns and cities the profession has been developed until it would be a delight to the heart of Mephistopheles, had he been a commercial lawyer. The usual routine is for the lawyer to form an alliance with several justices of the peace, who live and fatten on their court costs, and to file all his suits with these favored ones; none of the cost to be paid unless the justice collects. The fact that such a procedure gives His Honor a pecuniary interest in such suits and the ensuing judgments are void is entirely unknown to the great masses of people.

The system takes much drudgery from the shoulders of the lawyers and energizes the magistrate to a remarkable degree. When one takes into consideration the fact that most suits against indigent debtors are for petty sums rang-

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ing from fifty cents to fifty dollars, the minimum costs in all cases amounting to approximately $4.25 and that uncounted thousands of such so-called cases pour through the hoppers of the city justices of the peace each week, one begins to get an idea of the enormity of the racket. And when one figures interest and attorney fees ranging from fifteen to twenty-five per cent, one begins to realize that there are worse jobs in this land of the free than holding the constitutional office of "Judgment for the Plaintiff."

IT IS well enough for those pious brethren in the profession who have by hook or crook already attained wealth or competence to preach their later-day views upon legal ethics and ideals to the impecunious recruits who throng the bars of the several states. Many of the old rules of legal ethics have as much reason for their existence today as the fictions of common law pleading have to our system of procedure, or as trial by ordeal has to our system of law. In reality most of these canons of ethics have been supplanted by the Eden-old law that "a man must eat if he would live."

No amount of mealy-mouthing or preaching can alter the fact that the law is today no longer a sacrosanct profession, but that it has become a highly competitive business and the devil take the hindmost. Like other members of other trades and professions lawyers come from the body of the people and, with a few exceptions, are dependent upon their practice for a livelihood. Like other men, they look upon the acquisition of substance as being the second law of Nature and are out to get all the law business they can obtain. Some fortunate few are successful in marrying law business; some join clubs, or fraternities, where legal business abounds; others hire "runners" or "leg men" to chase down the business for them; while still others become members of the Commercial Law League of America, solicit representation in law lists and join the growing army of men with a license to practice law who spend their lives in harassing their debt-ridden fellow men.

Nor is the public oblivious to the change which has come over the lawyers. The legal profession as a whole by its ultra-conservatism and chicanery has lost the respect of the masses of people, and the tocsin of alarm is being sounded at all present-day legal conventions. Verbose resolutions are passed by the hundreds at the conventions, but the lawyers have not yet awakened to the quite obvious fact that the only way of regaining respect is by deserving more respect. The legal profession must clean house, or lose public confidence.

There are reasons for the present degeneration of the bar, and the fault is not entirely with the lawyers. Business has encroached upon what was once the strict domain of law to such an extent that the lawyers in self-defense have been forced to become business men themselves. Banks and trust companies now openly solicit business once within the strict domain of the lawyer and pass on titles, make abstracts, probate wills and perform other legal business, which they openly secure by advertisement in the press, by open letters or by hired and paid solicitors. The high-pressure insurance adjuster boldly practices law without a license by advising the injured party as to his rights and then settling with him upon the insurance company's own terms. Twenty-five years ago it was practicing law in most states to pass upon the title to real estate. Now the public is being served by abstract and title companies to almost complete exclusion of the lawyer. That the title companies as a rule do the work more promptly, accurately and at less expense is another story.

TWENTY years ago all industrial accident litigation was handled by lawyers. This practice was abused to such an extent by the self-anointed "officers of the Court" that in forty-four of the states a Workman's Compensation Act has been enacted which turns all of that practice over to laymen and to lay commissioners. There is even today in many quarters a growing insistence that all automobile accident litigation be taken out of the courts and away from juries and attorneys and turned over to laymen and lay commissioners. This means ultimately the end of damage suit litigation with its resultant heavy damages and excessive fees.

There is a rapid increase in the use of arbitration agreements. Many industries, and important ones at that, insist upon arbitration clauses in all their contracts. In these clauses they say, in effect, that if the parties have any controversy, it will not be settled by attorneys in court, in the instrumentality in which the attorneys have the exclusive right to operate, but in a commonsense way and expeditiously by business men.

Lawyers are even now only beginning to realize that the legal profession exists primarily for the benefit of the public, subject to public approval and public will. More and more the public is reaching the viewpoint that "there is no such thing as a right to practice law; it is a revocable privilege, granted in trust." The rights, which the lawyers are now complaining are being taken away, are held by the legal profession only as trustees, and the public is both the trustor and the beneficiary.

Yet the lawyer is most to blame if his profession is being shorn of the juicy fees which it so long enjoyed. He was intrusted with the protection of life, liberty and property, and if he has abused this privilege in his mad chase after dollars; if he still attempts to stumble along in century-old harness, he has but himself to blame if the public grows tired and takes over the reins. Not even lawyers will deny that the administration of justice has shown no substantial improvement for many generations. Lord Coke died nearly 300 years ago, but if he went into the Supreme Court of any state in this country today he would feel very much at home. He might not be able to account for the absence of wigs; he might not know what size paper to use for his pleadings or whether the pages or the lines be numbered, but other than that he would fit in perfectly with today's procedure.

The legal profession must first clean house and clean it from cellar to attic. There should be no place for petty collectors to hide behind the mantle of a barrister. There must be an end to ambulance chasing and to all forms of shysterism and chicanery. If the legal profession cannot, or will not, clean house, then the public should and will. When this is done the courts must be reformed, the cobwebs dusted off our three-hundred-year-old legal procedure and brought into keeping with the times. The public, having stripped the lawyers of many of their ancient privileges because of their abuse of them, is still waiting patiently for the lawyers to bring about their own reforms and, failing that, will inevitably take the great mass of civil matters, and perhaps criminal as well, into their own hands.

Not that there are lacking signs that the lawyers of the country realize the gravity of the situation. From New York to California the bar is stirred as never before, and much salutary house cleaning has been accomplished. In Mississippi disbarment proceedings were even instituted against three high ranking state officials accused of unethical

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▶▶ Depression in the Osage ◀◀

Lo, the Poor Redskin—He Spent It, Too

By WILLIAM R. DRAPER

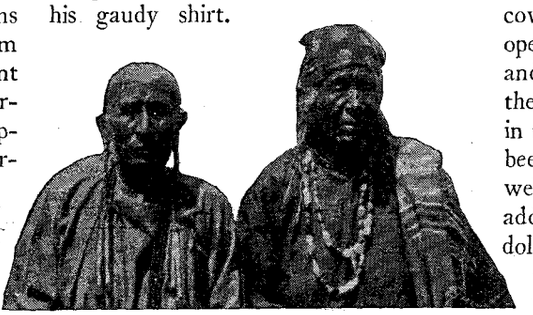
OIL has frequently spread its greasy mantle of wealth in unusual places, produced millionaires overnight, made fairy tales come true. Nowhere has this fickle goddess played a people or a country with more reckless abandon than in "the Osage" of Oklahoma. Oil has given the Osage Indians a joy ride lasting a decade. It took them from huts, sparse rations and scant raiment, and surrounded them with overstuffed furniture, furnished them deep-cushioned and low hung gasoline chariots, rich viands and strong drink.

Oil gushers, which overflowed the Osage, and brought a subsequent deluge of excess riches, have now gone away, leaving the Osage people and the Osage country in a pathetic condition. The Indians took the "easy money" like gluttons they were, gulped down everything that it would buy for them, and spread on their person and about them gaudy and costly trappings. Now it is time for them to change cars. For many years they rode high on a crest of gusher gold; now they are equally deep in the quagmire of debt and poverty.

The Osage Indians were once a tribe of fighting people. They were warriors and hunters, whose deeds of valor fill pages of history of the early West. Once they were to be feared; now they are to be pitied. Simple-minded folks, as are all Indians, the Osages have been ruined by too much money. Many white people have suffered the same fate; it is not a condition alone peculiar to the redskin.

Living in the open, on wild game, and holding their dances and councils of war, the Osage were truly men of strength; leaders among the first Americans. Confined to houses, and wearing gorgeous adornments of wealth, riding in fast motor cars and drinking the white man's whisky, has brought a great change in this once powerful tribe. It has been decidedly for the worse.

Now the Osage tribe, once widely exploited as the richest people of the world in per capita wealth, is actually verging on bankruptcy. The millions of dollars which were paid for oil royalties on the tribal lands have been wasted. The Osage, both individually and as a tribe, find themselves head over heels in debt. Hundreds of them have asked for relief through the bankruptcy courts; the entire tribe except a few "incompetent" full-bloods are decidedly "broke." Their legacy of oil, or what remains of it, is about to be taken by the wily white men who surround the Osage country with a solid wall of determination to take everything the red man had left, even to his gaudy shirt.



TWO VETERANS OF THE SOUTHWEST
Who have refused to adopt modern dress

The Osage Indians have been cheerful spenders. Even now they are just as happy as when they had plenty of cash, except perhaps they cannot get as much liquor as they might wish. The Osage, while he had the money, bought and bought, and it never hurt. Easy come, easy go, and money filtered through his hands almost as quickly as the thick black crude poured out of his oil wells. There are approximately 2,500 Osage Indians and in the last decade each of them has received in cold cash $108,000. During this period they have been credited for oil and gas royalties $350,000,000.

Of course not all of the $350,000,000 has been paid over to the Osages, as the government is holding ten per cent of it in a reserve fund for future benefit of the full-blood incompetent members of the tribe. However, these so-called incompetent or "restricted" Indians have hired attorneys to fight for this ten per cent. They want it all and they want it now.

Before 1900 the Osages lived like average reservation Indians. Then their oil royalties started paying them $150,000 a year and for the last thirty years they have been living on the fat of the land, the last ten being the sweetest and best. In 1924 the Osages received and spent $18,000,000 "oil money." In the four years following, the Burbank field alone paid them $76,000,000 in royalties and bonus money. At one sale of oil leases in March, 1924, oil companies paid the Osage tribe $14,000,000 for the privilege of drilling on their tribal lands. This was "bonus" money, besides the usual one-eighth royalty.

About this time twenty-one tracts of Osage oil land each sold for more than one million dollars apiece. In addition to paying the tribe a million dollars bonus for a quarter section—all Osage oil tracts covered 160 acres—the oil company or operator had to pay all costs of drilling and pay the tribe the usual royalty. Then there was the chance of not getting oil in the well after the big bonus price had been paid for the lease and the cost of well, sometimes $100,000 or more, added thereto. One oil firm paid a million dollars for a 160-acre tract in the Osage, spent $450,000 for drilling and abandoned it without getting enough oil to pay for the casing.

These many years the Osages had plenty oil money. They came in from the reservation to Pawhuska, the Osage capital, and decided that, if playing was the thing to do when one has plenty of money, they would do a good job of it. They did. Their playfellows were white men and women, attracted to the Osage by this superabundance of loose gold. It was a rough game.

In a few short years the Osages have put beyond them their oil heritage, for it is doubtful if the oil fields in the Osage nation will ever come back, or if there are any new fields to discover. The oil basin has almost run dry and the share of money the Osages got for it has been squandered in fast and loose living. The Indian has proved he is no match for the white man and woman, as numerous cases in court attest. No one knows how many Indians have lost their bank rolls month after month and year after year without complaining, but some of them have appealed to the laws, and some have had retribution.

THE jail at Pawhuska, the Osage capital, is the largest in Oklahoma, and it is filled with white men and women almost all of the time—renegades who have invaded the Osage territory and who have in one way or another tried or actually have accomplished the ordinary spectacle in Pawhuska of separating the Osage from his pay-check. Despite the fact that Federal attorneys, deputies and undercover men are thick as fleas in the Osage nation, as long as the Osage Indian continues to draw oil money, just so long will grafters beset him. When I was at Pawhuska the jail

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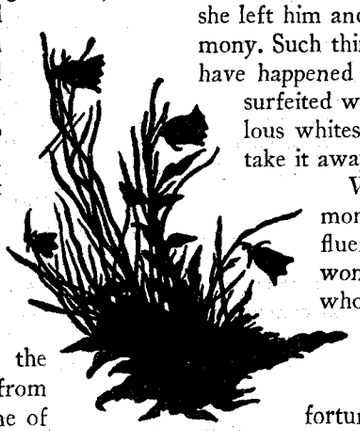
was filled to capacity—all white offenders against the redskins.

When the Osage tribe moved from Kansas to Oklahoma they received the present reservation of 1,500,000 acres and $9,000,000 in trust for their Kansas hunting grounds. It was a good trade, for the Kansas land has proved to be only ordinary farming land, while the Osage nation has produced its hundreds of millions of dollars of oil money. The Osage reservation was held in common by the tribe until 1908, when each member received 650 acres for his own personal use, but the mineral rights were still held in common for the benefit of all.

In 1896 James Bigheart, chief of the tribe, leased the entire Osage nation to the Foster Oil and Gas Company of New York for a nominal sum. Foster drilled two dry holes near the Kansas line and then sublet a portion of the Osage nation to other oil and gas developers, who drilled producing wells. Foster held the main lease and later incorporated the Indian Territory Illuminating Oil Company, now owners and developers of the famous Oklahoma City field. The I. T. I. O. made millions for Foster and others who were associated with him in developing the Osage. They held a monopoly until 1916, when Osage leases began selling for fabulous sums to other oil operators.

Before Foster and his oil developers began exploring the Osage in 1896 the Indians lived quietly and modestly in huts and on scant supplies furnished by the Government. When they moved to their present reservation in 1871 the Government paid them $10 a year each in cash and supplied rations. When the tribal body was organized in 1878 and Big Bill Joe chosen chief, the Osages were changed from a ration to a cash income of $160 a year and on that basis they remained until oil was found, which brought them hundreds of thousands of dollars per capita.



That the Osage Indian has done nothing but sit back and collect his income is no cause for comment. Others would have done likewise. But the Indians have been imposed upon. Their wealth has done them no good. An organization of man-killers was fast mowing down rich Osage individuals until a few years ago when four white men were sent to prison for life for parts they played in a conspiracy to murder certain Osage full-bloods and take possession of their headrights.

The Hale gang, as these outlaws were known, grew so bold in their murderous efforts that Congress in 1925 was called upon to pass an act that no person charged with the murder of an Osage could in any way share in his or her estate. Members of the Hale gang had married into the several Osage families and had been convicted of murdering them for their legacies. J. M. Humphreys, a tribal attorney, told me that he worked three years gathering evidence against the Hale gang and was assisted by a score of Government Secret Service men. A few other instances are herewith cited.

Luella Moncravie, a white woman, married Henry Moncravie, a full-blood Osage. While living in Kansas she shot and killed her husband. Under the Oklahoma laws, having murdered the Indian off the reservation, she was permitted to collect his estate of several hundred thousand dollars. Charlie Whitehorn was murdered and his body found in a ravine at Pawhuska. His estate passed to white persons. Larry No Legs died and his money went to a white woman. Mary Woodmancy, a full-blood girl, was murdered by a white woman in a jealous quarrel over a white man. Her estate of $100,000 went to a white woman. Don Dickenson, a full-blood, married a white woman at Fairfax and three days later she left him and collected $100,000 alimony. Such things could and would not have happened except the Indians were surfeited with money and unscrupulous whites had banded together to take it away from them.

While the flow of oil money had such a baleful influence on the redskin, one wonders how the oil operators who made all of this wealth possible, came out in their ventures. A few of them have been exceptionally fortunate. Among others is the Gypsy, a Mellon company. This company paid one million dollars for a certain 160 acres, and recovered four million dollars in oil very shortly. The Atlantic, a Standard subsidiary, paid $8,000 for a lease and the first well started off at 10,000 barrels. Marland paid $85,000 for a lease and recovered three million barrels of crude. W. J. Knupp, an independent oil operator, paid $300 for a lease and sold it for a million dollars. Fancy prices were paid for Osage leases all through 1922, 1923 and 1924. At one auction sale five leases sold one after another for more than a million dollars apiece. Empire paid $1,900,000 for 160 acres. Cosden paid $1,955,000 for an adjoining tract. More than one billion dollars in oil has been recovered from the famous Burbank field.

But the underground supply must diminish year after year, and the Osage, while it has been rich and productive, is like every other field. It has seen its best day. The pathway to riches in the Osage has been strewn with thorns and roses. On the streets of Pawhuska today fat and non-communicative Indian full-bloods lounge lazily about in brilliant-colored blankets. But they do not ride in high-powered motor cars or drink expensive liquor, or play cards for high stakes, as they have been accustomed to doing. Their song has ended, not even the melody lingers. All is cold and cheerless in the Osage tepee, fires burn low and beatings of the tomtom are indeed doleful.

WHILE the Osages made no mistake in moving from southern Kansas into the present Osage reservation, they did make a grand error in moving out of central Missouri. For great development has and is taking place along the Osage river, which flows through the former Osage hunting grounds, and it is just the kind of development that would interest these once famous hunting people. A hydroelectric company is building a dam across the Osage near Bagnell and backing its waters 125 miles westward upstream, which would have made for the Osages a happy hunting ground. This immense lake would have been a paradise for the hunters and trappers who lived here in the seventeenth century when Marquette came along at the head of French explorers.

Just how long prior to 1673, the date when Marquette visited them, the Osages had made their home in Missouri history does not relate. It is said they once resided along the Atlantic seaboard, and moved West prior to the coming of De Soto and the Spaniards. General Zebulon Pike visited the Osages in their villages along the Osage river in Missouri in 1806. When General Pike made his Western exploration trip at the request of Thomas Jefferson, he took Osages with him as guides. When General Pike engaged the Spanish in battle at the present site of Baxter Springs, in southern Kansas, Osage Indians acted as his scouts.

The Osage Indians came to the United States with the Louisiana Purchase. A treaty was made with them at

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The Kansas Optimist

(*Continued from Page* 110)

tional record for a new member. He sought membership on the banking and currency committee because he was shrewd enough to see that the important legislation of that session was going to be the farm loan act. He won the friendship of Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, who pushed him forward. After the committee had been in daily session for three months a subcommittee was appointed to draft the bill in its final form. Shouse was a member of that committee, which consisted of three Democrats and two Republicans. Woodrow Wilson wrote him a personal letter thanking him for his service in framing the bill, and enclosed his photograph.

AFTER the 1916 election Congress was in extra session because of war clouds, and following the declaration of war the President asked for the selective draft act. The ranking Democrats of the Committee on Military Affairs were against this act and Congressman Sherman refused to introduce it. Shouse was the only Democratic Congressman between the Mississippi river and California who announced in favor of the selective draft at the beginning. Sentiment at the time was apparently overwhelmingly against it. Shouse received letters and telegrams from his district, criticizing his stand. After the passage of the act Secretary Baker wrote the young Congressman a personal letter thanking him for what he had done.

Following the election of 1916 President Wilson sent for Shouse and told him he had promised the three Democratic places on the farm board, but would be glad to have him name one of the two Republican members. Shouse recommended Charles Lobdell, who later became the dominant member of the board. The cynical-minded may maintain that Shouse appointed Lobdell because the latter was getting ready to run for Congress as a Republican in Shouse's district. Lobdell accepted the appointment and has been Shouse's friend ever since. If Shouse put forward Lobdell with ulterior motives, he combined a public service with shrewd politics, and his reputation for farsightedness did not suffer.

Following his defeat in 1918, Carter Glass, then Secretary of the Treasury, asked him to become assistant secretary in charge of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the Bureau of Internal Revenue. President Wilson, who was in France, cabled his nomination to the Senate. It was confirmed in open session and never was referred to a committee.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance had been started as a little bureau in the Treasury for writing marine insurance. When the United States entered the war a tremendous volume of war activities was checked up to the bureau. All the allotments to the soldiers and their dependents and families, and all compensation for those injured in the service, immediately became the special concern of this bureau. The biggest insurance business in the world was immediately established. Every man in the service could obtain insurance at an unprecedentedly low rate. There was one inevitable result—confusion.

The bureau was expanded from a handful of thirty or forty employes to a personnel of 18,000 in six weeks. The bureau was scattered over Washington in twenty-seven separate buildings, and the condition was being criticized in Congress every day by members from the floor. It was perhaps as difficult a job as an executive ever faced, calling for a superior type of indefatigability and optimism. Congressman Rogers, Republican, of Massachusetts, at the time was authority for the statement that within six months the bureau was transformed from the most inefficient in the government to the most efficient. Shouse reduced the personnel from 18,000 to 6,000, all housed in a single building.

While Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Shouse seized the opportunity to perform a notable service for the benefit of his section. In the fall of 1918 it was apparent that the war was nearly over. There was no guarantee beyond January, 1919, covering the 1918 wheat crop. Shouse went to Mr. Hoover and President Wilson and obtained their endorsement of a plan to issue a proclamation to extend the government guarantee of a minimum price for wheat to cover the crop planted in the fall of 1918. This made it necessary to carry the Grain Export Corporation over until June, 1920. He prevailed upon the President to appropriate out of his war fund $5,000,000 to finance the farmers in the wheat belt for the purchase of seed wheat through the intermediate credit facilities of the Federal Land Bank. A combination of drouth and Hessian fly, two of the four horsemen of the plains, had placed many of the farmers in the semi-arid section in a precarious condition.

Shouse left the Treasury in November, 1920, after a service of nearly two years, and went to Kansas City, where he formed a partnership with Dudley Doolittle, former Congressman, under the firm name, Shouse & Doolittle, tax counselors. The firm maintains offices in Kansas City and Washington. In Kansas City Mr. Shouse was vice-president of the Orient railway and served as publicity director in connection with the 1928 Republican national convention, representing the business men of Kansas City.

THE name and fame of Shouse in the summer of 1928 were such that he was invited to New York to act as an adviser in the Smith campaign. His work at the New York headquarters was watched with growing interest and approval by John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who asked Shouse to take charge of the Democratic all-the-year-round headquarters in Washington. He created for him a new position, that of chairman of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee, which Shouse has made important. Something has happened since then to justify this new idea in Democratic politics. When the headquarters was opened in Washington last year the Democrats were not among our most

(*Continued on Page* 128)

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of January 30, 1952

The Street Cleaning Commissioners' Association, in convention assembled, expressed last week its enthusiastic approval of the efforts of the chemists employed by the Synthetic Chicle Laboratories, Inc., to develop a substitute for chicle that will be not only edible but nutritious.

A notable increase in sales during the past two months of television receiving sets was noted on Wednesday by the U. S. Secretary of Communications. "I attribute this activity," he said, "to the fact that it is generally known that arrangements have been perfected to telebroadcast, from the Mount Rainier Harkness Observatory, the total eclipse of the sun that will be visible from that point on February 9, 1952, at 11:24 A.M., Mountain Time."

Patents were issued during 1952 for more than 400 devices and formulæ for the destruction of the larvæ of the rubber-tire moth, whose depredations have since 1949 demoralized the tire business and have had a serious effect upon the automobile industry.

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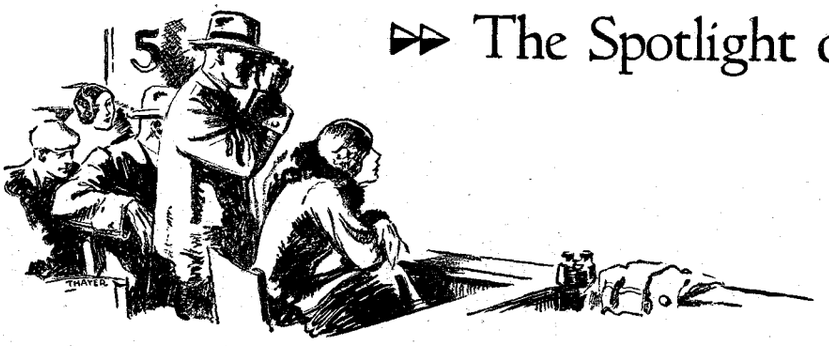

The Spotlight on Sports

Baseball Slavery

MACY'S department store motto appeals to the baseball magnates if not to their human chattels. "It's smart to be thrifty," has been adopted by the major league club owners as a joint slogan for 1932. This frugality is reflected in the contracts mailed out to their employees. Said employees are mailing the documents back unsigned—provided they have achieved a reputation that justifies a long holdout in case their bluff is called.

A professional ball player is not as other hired workers. For him a modified form of slavery still exists. He is bound over to a specific club by the insidious "reserve clause" which provides that he is the property of that particular club until sold, traded or given his unconditional release. He is not a free agent as a rule—cannot offer his services to the highest bidder on the open market. Very literally, he must "take it or leave it"—"it" meaning the salary his employer is willing to offer. If he leaves it, he is blacklisted from organized baseball via a gentleman's agreement on the part of the baseball club owners.

This apparently inequitable arrangement is essential to the existence of organized baseball. You can readily see that if it were not for the reserve clause the wealthy clubs—like New York and Chicago—would gobble up all the star players. They can afford to offer higher salaries and thus would outbid the smaller cities and gather the cream of the baseball talent. After a player has served ten years in the major league he automatically becomes a free agent on the termination of his contract if released by the club holding a lien on his services.

The reserve clause has been assailed as unconstitutional, but professional baseball is a law unto itself and any player brash enough to carry a test case to the Supreme Court would be boycotted by the magnates. This so-called "slavery," while benign enough in most instances, does work a hardship on a prospective star who is so unfortunate as to be signed by one of the less liberal or financially weaker clubs. For example, Chuck Klein of the Philadelphia Nationals must work for a salary considerably below that which players of similar caliber are drawing from the Yankees and the Giants.

Cutting the Price of Ivory

ODDLY ENOUGH, professional baseball, called the poor man's recreation, has weathered the depression better than the swankier sports. The first division clubs showed comfortable profits last season. Apparently a lot of people can still afford a dollar for an afternoon's entertainment.

The magnates, however, have agreed to retrench and hence the wholesale salary cuts which are causing a collective bleat from the disgruntled hired men. Economy is in the air and your baseball owner, even a Scot-Hebrew, is not slow to take the cue. The loudest moans are coming from higher-caste slaves. The smaller fry cannot afford to hold out. Baseball is all they know and fair-to-middling players are a drug on the market.

Somehow, in these days of breadlines and jobless heads of families, one cannot sympathize too deeply with the well-fed, bankroll-padded baseball holdout. Bill Terry, crack first baseman of the Giants, is an unconvincing martyr when he flatly rejects a pawky $15,000 contract and flings it back in Prexy Stoneham's face. Terry has been getting $24,000 a year—not so bad for "a human chattel."

Then there is that maltreated "vassal," Dazzy Vance, who indignantly spurns a $12,000 offer from Brooklyn. Vance was drawing $15,000 and failing to pitch up to that price tag. On the other hand popular feeling is apt to be with "Hack" Wilson, who has been asked to take a reduction from $30,000 to $7,500 a year by his new purchaser—the St. Louis club. That is "the most unkindest cut of all." Wilson referred to it as "a major operation" when he returned the contract unsigned. Conceding that Chicago overpaid him last fall, this colossal cut amounts to an amputation without anæsthetic.

The Babe Rebels

SPEAKING OF HOME RUNS, the one and only holder of the Casey copyright has rejected Colonel Ruppert's tender of a one-year contract at $70,000. I refer, of course, to George Herman Ruth, better known as "Babe." Baltimore's most famous orphan has been slaving for the not-to-be-sneezed-at sum of $80,000 per year. Ruth refuses to be docked a cool $10,000 when he in particular and the N. Y. Yankees in general had a good season in 1931. The club enjoyed a banner year financially while Ruth tied Gehrig for home-run honors. Accordingly, Ruth is disinclined to accept a "psychic cut."

There are two ways of viewing this amicable salary feud. Your first impulse is to say—"the big stiff is lucky to be offered a presidential wage at a time when white collar clerks are starving and financiers are being foreclosed. Where does a once homeless waif get off to sneer at $70,000?"

However, there's another side to the question. A disinterested statistician has figured it out that Ruth earned three million five hundred thousand dollars for Colonel Ruppert in the last twelve years. That stupendous sum represents Ruth's personal box office drawing power over and above what the club would have taken in without him!

Colonel Huston, former co-owner of the Yanks, estimates that Ruth lures an average of 2,500 cash customers per game into the park who would not otherwise buy tickets. That is a conservative appraisal. This means that Ruth attracts $230,000 worth of extra business a year at the home games played in Yankee Stadium. On the road, where the visiting club's percentage is smaller, Ruth personally accounts for $60,000 additional profits. Southern training trips were a financial liability before Ruth joined the Yanks. They have been money-making ventures since he enrolled.

If these figures are reliable, Ruth earns $200,000 a year above his $80,000 salary for the club owners. Think this over before deciding that Ruth should tamely take a ten-thousand-dollar cut, the depression to the contrary notwithstanding. Ruth has apparently paid

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his own way while returning a 300 per cent profit on the club's yearly investment. He is cheap at twice his price!

▶▶ *Football vs. Prize Ring*

THE LEGEND that a college football player never amounts to anything in the prize ring may yet be shattered. Steve Hamas, formerly a triple-threat halfback at Penn State, is the man who promises to break boxing precedent. His jigtime knockout of Tommy Loughran, cagey veteran of the ring, stamped Hamas as a potential heavyweight champion.

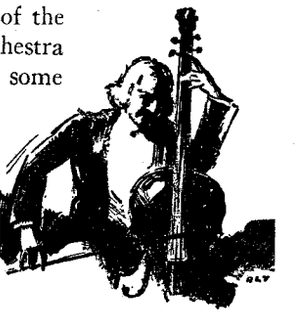
While Loughran, a shifty, scientific jabber, is more or less "washed up," to use the quaint Queensbury argot, no clumsy, wild-swinging tyro could nail him flush on the chin with a whistling right hander. Hamas has the slate blue eyes, the tawny hair and the thin, cruel lips of the Slovak. His truculent jaw would give a barroom bouncer pause. Hamas personifies the "killer instinct"—as the term is applied in sports. He may be the "big Stanley Ketchell" whom managers and promoters have been seeking these many years.

Offhand you'd think that a brawny, perfectly conditioned football player would have the makings of a great prizefighter. A strapping tackle is mauled mercilessly on the gridiron when a rival end and halfback "double-time" him, but it isn't the same kind of punishment that a prizefighter takes. A husky youngster who can stand the gaff of body blocking often wilts under a stiff right cross to the jaw or a left hook to the solar plexus.

A boy must grow up in a prize ring environment to acquire the peculiar muscular reflexes and the ability to weather punches which characterize the champion fighter. College football players lack boxing instinct. Intelligence doesn't imply the kind of smartness which is the fighter's stock in trade. The holder of a college degree may be dumber in the ring than an illiterate bohunk from the coal breakers. A diploma from the school of hard knocks is the surest open sesame to success with the six-ounce gloves. Most university graduates lack the biting economic incentive which goads the boy fresh from prairie soil or city slum.

GEORGE TREVOR.

▶▶ Notable Music ◀◀



THE afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the occasion of some excellent conducting by Mr. Koussevitzky, whose program consisted of Mahler's Ninth Symphony, Ravel's *Introduction* and *Allegro* for harp, strings and wood-winds, and a concert suite from Stravinsky's *Petruschka*.

The Mahler symphony had been edited with a ruthless hand, but the excisions were decidedly for the good of the work. One must be cruel to be kind. Even as it was, let us risk enraging the Mahlerites by saying that, in spite of many superb pages, the symphony seemed, after repeated hearings, to be too long for its subject matter. The Ravel pieces were precisely what we have been taught to expect from this highly skilled musical confectioner. We listen politely to its polished measures; after which, with an equally polite yawn behind our programs, we wait for the next piece. As for the Stravinsky work, it is becoming clear that his reputation will endure mainly through two fine works, *Petruschka* and the *Fire Bird*. In those days Stravinsky worked under the whip of genuine inspiration and did not feel any necessity for justifying his works by the "blurb" method, inasmuch as these two pieces are well able to stand on their own legs. There is a pleasing rumor that *Petruschka* is soon to be revived here in its original stage form—something which should have been done long ago.

The real musical event of the week, however, was the reappearance of Mr. Bruno Walter, this time no longer as guest conductor, but as one of the regular incumbents of the Philharmonic Society's podium. Mr. Walter is no stranger to these shores, having in past years made brief appearances with the Symphony Society, also a short trip to California three years ago.

With only two hasty rehearsals, Mr. Walter immediately confirmed the writer's recollections of his ability. It is evident that here is about the only available conductor of sufficient stature to replace Mr. Toscanini, in case the latter's ailment should be so persistent as to justify the recent disquieting rumors to the effect that he will be unable to return this year.

Mr. Walter is a man of unassuming and engaging personality. His work is both distinguished and authoritative. His baton technique has the same significance, reserve and freedom from extravagant gesture which characterized Gustav Mahler, in many respects the greatest conductor of them all.

Mr. Walter began his program with a Handel *Concerto Grosso;* he conducted it seated at the harpsichord, which in this case consisted of a doctored piano. Handel's music was played with that breadth and nobility which it imperatively demands but all too rarely receives. Haydn's Symphony in B-flat major was given with possibly a trifle less refinement of detail than we are accustomed to in Mr. Toscanini's readings of this composer's works, yet Mr. Walter's performance was instinct with an agreeable warmth and gusto. A breathless tempo and a genuine humor marked the last movement.

It is a striking fact that, whereas in former days Mozart's symphonies had almost driven those of Haydn from the concert platform, today the tables appear to be turned. Neither of these conditions is good; we should hear more Mozart than we have had of late. True, there are only three great symphonies by the latter.

The performance of Brahm's Second Symphony was unreservedly the best which the writer has heard in many years. To not a few of us this symphony has worn less well than the other three. It has, perhaps, too much sweetness in three of its four movements; a quality which, while ingratiating at first, inevitably cloys in the end. The slow movement, however, is of sterner stuff; and is probably the finest Brahms ever penned. It received a well nigh perfect reading as, indeed, did the other three movements.

Comparisons are odious. Mr. Walter and Mr. Toscanini share many fine qualities. They have in common a distinguished lyrism and a profound feeling for the underlying melos of the work which they are interpreting. Perhaps Toscanini, on the average, obtains a somewhat more transparent orchestral tone. Possibly, too, Walter has a touch of humor, alien to the great Italian leader yet none the less delightful. Both can build up a solid and vital climax. Neither takes liberties with the score; neither is guilty of stooping, even for an instant, to the tawdry or the sensational. Two great musicians.

MARSHALL KERNOCHAN.

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The Latest Plays

IT SHOULD be apparent by now that Philip Barry is a playwright with a good many limitations. His dialogue is facile and charming and his sense of character of a delicacy and acuteness far too rare in the contemporary theatre. However, every time he attempts the treatment of a theme with real inherent drama, he flounders badly—as in *John*—and the main run of his plays are distinguished by the absence of what Mrs. Dorothy Parker called "intestinal fortitude." The nearest they ever come to real dramatic moments is practically always when somebody doesn't do something—almost never when somebody does something. *The Animal Kingdom* is no exception. Another thing about Mr. Barry's plays is that most of the successful ones, although far from vigorous, seem to be about the same subject: There is not enough infidelity and adultery going on. Once again that is the underlying thought in *The Animal Kingdom*. A facetious acquaintance of mine remarked that to write a really good play, Philip Barry ought to collaborate with Samuel Shipman or Max Marcin.

These few reservations aside, it should at once be said that *The Animal Kingdom* affords a thoroughly delightful spell in the theatre. Leslie Howard gives one of his best performances as the young publisher whose idealistic locks are shorn by his Delilah-like wife. Mr. Howard is one of the few young actors who can put over the idea to the audience that they are really thinking about anything except how they look to the ladies out front. One is quite willing to accept him as a sensitive human being torn between his feelings for two very different women at the same time that he is harassed by the problems of the publishing business. It is a nice touch on the part of the author that the legal wife is made the one who is alluring chiefly for sexual reasons, while the mistress, although quite free from stagy nobility, is the "nicer" person. The wife and the mistress are, respectively, extremely well played by Lora Baxter and Frances Fuller. However, next to Leslie Howard, it is William Gargan who captured most of the acting honors. Mr. Gargan plays a butler who is a red-headed ex-prize fighter. Hard boiled as can be, he is nevertheless more of a friend than a servant to the shy young publisher. The scene in which Mr. Howard tries to bring himself to discharge him at the same time that the butler is trying to summon the courage to quit, because he disapproves of the wife, is comic writing for the stage at its best. Both Mr. Howard and Mr. Gargan play it for all that it is worth. *The Animal Kingdom* is not to be missed by anyone whose theatrical needs are satisfied by bright dialogue, clear characterizations and deft acting.

I have had occasion before to remark on the fact that most Hungarian plays seem to be founded on a trick situation or two, piquant in itself but bearing no intimate relation with either plausibility or human nature. Unlike the works of Philip Barry, they are concerned with amusing events and twists in events and almost never with character. Occasionally in one by Molnar there is a flash of insight into what might conceivably be going on in the minds of his people, but in the works of the rest of the Hungarian and Viennese comic writers it is rare indeed. *Jewel Robbery*, in which Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney make their reappearance on the New York stage, is another of those things by Laszlo Fodor, who has already been represented here this season by *I Love an Actress* and *A Church Mouse*. Perhaps on its own account and perhaps because of the excellent adaptation of Bertram Bloch, it seems by far the best of the three, if anybody wants to take that for praise.

Jewel Robbery is the story of a Viennese lady who is in a jewelry store in the Kärntnerstrasse when a bland and engaging robber holds it up and removes all its valuables in urbane and fascinating fashion. So taken is she by him and his philosophy of robbery that we are led to believe that she aids him in making a clean getaway. Later he turns up in her house, as the safest place to be while the police are looking for him, and the rest of the complications you really ought to be able easily divine. Especially if I tell you that she has a smug husband and doesn't know whether her passion for jewels or love is stronger.

Mr. Sydney does what he can with a rôle that gives him practically no acting to do. All he has an opportunity to do is to stick jewels into little brown bags while chatting blithely about the stupidity of the police and the joys of playing polo. Oh, yes, later on he has a chance to pour champagne and indicate to the lady the location of his bedroom. Miss Ellis's part in *Jewel Robbery* is somewhat more varied than that, as she has a husband and a very stuffy lover to deal with as well as the charming robber, and it must be said that she does very well indeed with it. Cora Witherspoon and Eugene Powers are reduced to doing comedy bits, which, being real "troupers," they perform with skill and aplomb. However, the whole thing, including some lovely settings by Aline Bernstein, struck one as being only amusing enough to while away a little time and certainly a great waste of the undoubted talents of the players I have mentioned. If they don't tamper with it too much, *Jewel Robbery* will make a better film than most and will be worth the fifty cents or so you will have to pay to see it.

There being no mystery plays in town, Lora Baxter—the same who is acting so well in *The Animal Kingdom*—and one Ralph Murphy got together and wrote *The Black Tower* to fill the gap. Nothing out of the ordinary, but good of its kind.

OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

Recommended Shows

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW: Photographic but dramatic presentation of the career of an East Side Jewish boy.
CYNARA: English play about infidelity with Philip Merivale and Henry Stephenson.
GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS: "Life is just a bowl of Cherries" and other inane but catchy songs.
HAY FEVER: Revival of some early Noel Coward banter.
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: Three related melodramas with Nazimova fortunately in two of them.
OF THEE I SING: Uproarious political burlesque with Gershwin tunes.
REUNION IN VIENNA: For the numerous admirers of the Lunts.
SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY: A nice light farce with Leslie Banks and Nigel Bruce.
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET: Katharine Cornell's smash nearing the end of its run. Don't miss it.
THE BRIDE THE SUN SHINES ON: It would be better without Henry Hull, but Dorothy Gish and others make it worth while anyway.
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE: Jerome Kern score and nice settings.
THE DEVIL PASSES: A really all star cast in a witty English comedy.
THE GOOD FAIRY: The best of the Hungarian pieces and it has Helen Hayes, too.
THE LAUGH PARADE: Ed Wynn's beguiling idiocies.
THE LEFT BANK: Leaving soon, but worth a visit by those who are interested in Americans in Paris.

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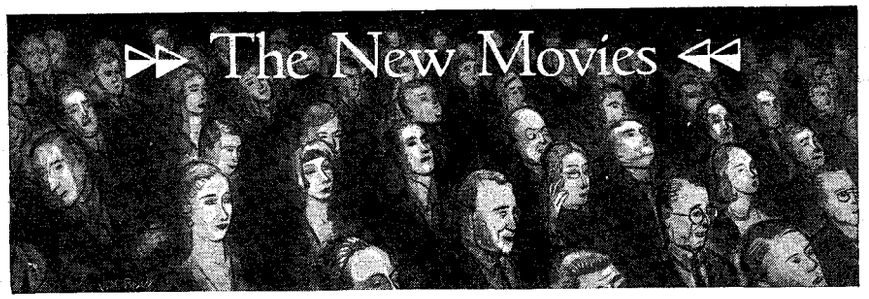
The New Movies



MODELED after the stage play *Grand Hotel** and the film *Transatlantic, Union Depot* again shows us that the streams of unrelated people thrown suddenly and briefly together in a great modern center of travel carry with them romance, intrigue and thumping melodrama. The scene in this case is a large railway station in a mid-Western city, and the characters are a couple of tramps, a showgirl out of a job, a counterfeiter, a sinister "doctor" of evil intent and the usual quota of detectives and policemen. These are aided by such characters and scenes of farewell and greeting as might be found in a big terminal.

Union Depot has none of the finely drawn characterizations which made *Grand Hotel* so unusual, but it is well told and moves along at a good clip. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. does well as one of the hobos, while Joan Blondell as the chorus girl is excellent. Not to tell too much of the story, the counterfeiter checks a violin case full of hand-made bank notes and then loses the check—which is found by Mr. Fairbanks Jr., who thereupon fixes himself and the chorus girl up with new trousseaux. After an exciting chase through railroad yards swarming with locomotives the hero overcomes the villain and all is well. *Union Depot* is above the average.

▶▶"*A Woman Commands*"

Pola Negri, absent from the films since they learned to talk, is now back in an elaborate charade which will, I fear, be the death of her. Let us be kind and pass quickly over her advancing years, her old-fashioned European makeup (too much black around the eyes) and her accent of the "I keel heem" school, and get on to her story. There is a rumor that just when Radio Pictures was despairing of finding a suitable script for the famous German actress, a pretty miss in that firm's stenographic department submitted a synopsis which was pronounced simply superb if not actually titanic. Anyway, *A Woman Commands* now appears as a plush and tinsel story of an officer's mistress who becomes queen of one of those elaborate Balkan states. The populace is so offended at the king's choice of a queen that a bomb is thrown into the cathedral where the royal baby is being christened, giving Miss Negri a chance to show some high-powered acting. *A Woman Commands* is a strange hodgepodge. The king (Roland Young) might have walked right out of Robert E. Sherwood's play *The Queen's Husband*, while the lover (Basil Rathbone) has hardly changed since he appeared in *The Command to Love*. Miss Negri is simply a very bad copy of the characters she played so brilliantly eight or nine years ago when she and Emil Jannings made *Passion* in Germany.

▶▶"*Panama Flo*"

If you are willing to overlook one or two slight details you will find *Panama Flo* a lively and decidedly amusing picture. Helen Twelvetrees is a chorus girl who finds herself stranded in Panama when her show closes. Sadie, the *madame* of the local saloon, feels sorry for her and introduces her to Charles Bickford, a wildcat oil prospector from the Amazon country. The next thing you know Helen is cooking and washing dishes in a shack by the riverbank in a remote corner of the Amazon jungle, while Mr. Bickford is looking for oil. What with the heat and Mr. Bickford's native ex-girl friend threatening trouble, things look pretty bad for little Helen. The rest of the film is more or less a surprise, and even the arrival of Robert Armstrong in a hydroplane doesn't bring a happy ending. That comes in a Forty-eighth street speakeasy in New York. *Panama Flo* is a wild-eyed melodrama, but it's good fun.

▶▶"*Cain*"

Against the luxuriant tropical background of Madagascar the French have photographed a story of the return of man to his primitive state. *Cain* shows us a stoker on a liner who goes overboard in a small boat to live on a lonely island. He subdues a native woman in true caveman style and takes to raising children. Free from tariffs, wars, famine or pestilence, life becomes exceedingly quiet, so quiet that one day he lights a fire and stops a passing ship. But on board he hears of the disasters of civilization and quickly returns to his little brown-skinned friend. This lady is the film's chief fault. She is no more native than you or I, brown stain to the contrary, and she acts with Gestures and Emotions. Even so, *Cain* is decidedly unusual.

▶▶*More New Films*

Not being a radio addict I cannot tell you how satisfying it may or may not be to see Seth Parker and his *Way Back Home* folks in the flesh—or rather in the shadow. All I can report is, that as film entertainment *Way Back Home* is probably the most sterilized, pasteurized and revoltingly wholesome item seen since Mary Pickford appeared in *Pollyanna*. Seth Parker (played by Phillips Lord) is one of those theatrical old geezers with a bush of white whiskers and a tendency to break into *Silver Threads Among the Gold* and *Swanee River* at the slightest provocation. *Way Back Home* is nicely photographed but a little too strong on the homespun virtues to mean very much to movie audiences. Radio audiences seem to be easily satisfied.

Charlie Chan's Chance. Like the meals in chain restaurants and stiff straw hats, the Charlie Chan detective movies go on year after year providing routine but never exciting or particularly interesting diversion. The present installment takes Mr. Warner Oland, the noted celluloid Oriental, into the penthouse of a big New York skyscraper—but as the whole thing was made in Hollywood even this bit of "freshness" is synthetic.

CREIGHTON PEET.

*Greta Garbo has just started work on a film version of the original *Grand Hotel*.

▶▶◀◀

Worth Seeing

ARROWSMITH: Ronald Colman as Sinclair Lewis' young biologist. The story has been shortened but not changed.

THE CHAMP: Excellent performances by Battling Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, his small son.

FORBIDDEN: The hackneyed story of the suffering woman redeemed by Barbara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou.

HELL DIVERS: Elegant pictures of the U. S. Navy and its planes. Also Wallace Beery and Clark Gable.

MATA HARI: Greta Garbo slinking about in an old spy story, aided by Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone.

PRIVATE LIVES: Noel Coward's lively chatter with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery.

TONIGHT OR NEVER: Gloria Swanson as Gloria Swanson.

TO SCARE BABY

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE: Frederic March in a "horror" story which is bringing hearty laughter.

FRANKENSTEIN: The medical student who made a monster—unfortunately badly done.

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The New Books

Witty; Also Wise

Essays in Persuasion
By John Maynard Keynes

A good many of us, all these years, have backed away from John Maynard Keynes. We were filled with admiration for his famous book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, but it was admiration from afar; it seemed a book to be dipped into only when light on some knotty problem was required. Mr. Keynes' more recent work, *A Treatise on Money*, was even more formidable. It had been little suspected, although the fact was well enough known in England, that here was an economist who was witty as well as wise—another of those incredible Englishmen who know their subject so well that they can afford to be humorous in a restrained and subtle way.

The various chapters of *Essays in Persuasion* are magazine articles and addresses made by Mr. Keynes during the past decade. They are presented so that the reader can follow the perplexing questions of reparations payments, the Allied debts, the gold standard and the steps toward banking reform from the beginning to the present status. The book is, for the most part, simple enough for the layman, bewildered by the abstruse science of economics, to understand. But its distinction rests even more upon Mr. Keynes' wholly charming disrespect for bankers and political leaders, and for his fellow economists. He has apparently never believed a fact which is now dawning on the rest of us, that the bankers knew their business very well. When they offer their optimisms or their pessimisms Mr. Keynes replies, although in the correct diction of a fellow of King's College at Cambridge, "Oh, Yeah!" He is irreverent, even atheistic, in his analysis of the world's best minds. There is about him, always remembering his British suavity, a flavor of H. L. Mencken. Let us glance, for example, at his remarks on the bankers of his native land.

But first it must be recalled that Mr. Keynes has small use for the gold standard, that he views with amused dismay the attempts toward deflation in a period of economic depression. "Banks and bankers," he writes, "are by nature blind." The difficulties in which they now find themselves have been visible for some time, but "some of them have even welcomed the fall of prices toward what, in their innocence, they have deemed the just and 'natural' and inevitable level of pre-war, that is to say, to the level to which their minds became accustomed in their formative years." Mr. Keynes continues to hurl brickbats:

> In the United States some of them [the bankers] even employ so-called "economists" who tell us even today that our troubles are due to the fact that the prices of some commodities and some services have not yet fallen enough, regardless of what should be the obvious fact that their cure, if it could be realized, would be a menace to the solvency of their institution. A "sound" banker, alas! is not one who foresees danger and avoids it, but one who, when he is ruined, is ruined in a conventional and orthodox way along with his fellows, so that no one can really blame him.

Nor is Mr. Keynes afraid to be more specific. A Liberal in politics, he sticks pins into Mr. Baldwin whose "sentimental speeches, however genuine" help the situation, he feels, not at all. One of the most brilliant of these essays is "The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill," originally published in 1925 when the Conservative Party was in power. England had returned to the gold standard, a step bitterly opposed by the economic school for which Mr. Keynes is spokesman. This was deflation of the currency and it meant lower wages and further doles; it meant the final and complete collapse of Britain's coal industry; it meant a further falling off in exports. Mr. Keynes deplored the action of Premier Baldwin in sanctioning this—as he claims—disastrous move. He mourned the fact that Mr. Baldwin "has succeeded to the position in our affection formerly occupied by Queen Victoria."

"Queen Baldwin's good heart will enable us to keep our tempers," he wrote, "whilst the serious work goes on behind the scenes."

Essays in Persuasion is a particularly timely volume in view of the news from abroad that Germany cannot continue with reparations payments. In Washington our statesmen—"so-called statesmen," Mr. Keynes would call them—continue to declaim that the United States will not forgive the allies their debts, continue to indulge in the manners of the ostrich and insist that no relation exists between reparations and the allied debts. Our statesmen will dismiss, if they read it, the study of Mr. Keynes as British propaganda; no other course would be open to them. When he wrote his *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* in 1919 Mr. Keynes looked at the subject of reparations and debts through eyes that were not blinded by either fear or hatred. Happily, he reprints in his latest book relevant parts of that major study. First, Germany cannot pay. Second, the payment of allied debts depends upon reparations receipts. In 1919 Mr. Keynes saw, as the only possible solution, cancellation of the debts and limitation of Germany's liability to the cost of restoring the devastated regions. He still believes this, and the arguments he advances will prove hard to answer. It would be an act of generosity on the part of the United States, which would be the heaviest loser. It could be asked only on the assumption that "Europe is making an honorable attempt . . . . not to continue war, economic or otherwise, but to achieve the economic restitution of the whole Continent."

Not every one will agree with Mr. Keynes' opinions regarding the futility of the gold standard and the virtues of inflation—although this reviewer finds himself well-nigh convinced. Certainly his disrespect for gold will arouse violent opposition. He goes so far as to say that

What to Read

FICTION

Nixey's Harlequin, by A. E. Coppard: Knopf. Another volume of this author's unusual short stories.

The Weather Tree, by Maristan Chapman: Viking. Another story of the Tennessee mountains by the author of The Happy Mountains.

Maid in Waiting, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. A quiet drama of English life. Readers of Mr. Galsworthy's Forsyte chronicles will find a few old friends.

The Almond Tree, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs, Merrill. The story of three sisters.

Sudden Death, by Freeman Wills Crofts: Harpers. Credible, well-written detective story.

NON-FICTION

Essays in Persuasion, by John Maynard Keynes: Harcourt. Wise, witty and easily understandable papers on various phases of the economic situation.

Life and Letters, Woodrow Wilson, by Ray Stannard Baker: Doubleday. Third and fourth volumes of the official biography.

Theodore Roosevelt, A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle: Harcourt, Brace. The first full and impartial biography of T. R.

Congorilla, by Martin Johnson: Brewer. Adventures among African pigmies and apes, with fine photographs.

McAroni Medleys, by T. A. Daly: Harcourt. Clever and graceful light verse, some in dialect.

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the end of the curse of Midas is approaching and approaching fast. He predicts dire things for the United States unless, in the end, we also go off gold. It does seem madness, as Mr. Keynes points out, for the United States to decree that her own currency shall appreciate to the point where an export trade is impossible. It seems madder still to add tariffs which make imports fall off.

"Here are collected the croakings of twelve years—the croakings of a Cassandra who could never influence the course of events in time," Mr. Keynes remarks in his preface. And yet he is not pessimistic as to the future. He says, as well an economist might who sees all too clearly the clumsy failures of bankers and their experts, that "the Economic Problem, as one may call it for short, the problem of want and poverty and the economic struggle between classes and nations, is but a frightful muddle, a transitory and an *unnecessary* muddle." He concludes, in the final chapter of the book, that happy days will come again:

> We are suffering, not from the rheumatics of old age, but from the growing pains of overrapid changes, from the painfulness of readjustment between one economic period and another. The increase of technical efficiency has been taking place faster than we can deal with the problem of labor absorption; the improvement in the standard of life has been a little too quick; the banking and monetary system of the world has been preventing the rate of interest from falling as fast as equilibrium requires. . . . I predict that both of the two opposed pessimisms which now make so much noise in the world will be proved wrong in our own time—the pessimism of the revolutionaries who think that things are so bad that nothing can save us but violent change, and the pessimism of the reactionaries who consider the balance of our economic and social life so precarious that we must risk no experiments.

The economic problem will be solved, says Mr. Keynes, with a leap into the realm of prophecy, within one hundred years. The problem of the human race? That, alas, is different. How to use the new freedom from economic care will be man's "real, his permanent problem." For the world of a hundred years hence will be one filled with leisure, the leisure made possible by "science and compound interest." It will be only those people "who can keep alive, and cultivate into a fuller perfection the art of life itself and who do not sell themselves for the means of life, who will be able to enjoy the abundance when it comes." At all events, he begs, "do not let us overestimate the importance of the economic problem.

"If economists could manage to get themselves thought of as humble, competent people, on a level with dentists, that would be splendid!"

HENRY F. PRINGLE.

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The Week's Reading

Return to Yesterday
By Ford Madox Ford

There is a light touch to Mr. Ford's reminiscenses of people and places that in no way detracts from its value as a record. He has seen and known, worked with and been advised and praised and snubbed by many important personages. Henry James and Conrad and Crane, Kropotkin and Shaw and Ezra Pound and scores of authors, journalists and politicians are presented to you, and with rather more depth in the presentation than is usual in volumes of literary reminiscences. So that you do get a very clear and comprehensible picture both of the times—roughly the two decades before the war—and of the figures who gave them their particular flavor. As in a former book, *Memories and Impressions*, which dealt with the pre-Raphaelite group among whom his childhood was spent, Mr. Ford does not pretend to complete accuracy of detail. Of that book he said that "it is full of inaccuracies as to facts, but its accuracy as to impressions is absolute." And as it is certainly the impression which in these matters is the more important to the reader, it is idle to suspect errors in such a book.

My Arnold Bennett
By Marguerite, His Wife

It is difficult to understand the praise with which some English reviewers received this book. A few of the incidents related are interesting, but the indiscriminate praise heaped on Bennett tells you little about him. There are hundreds of such statements as: "He knew the

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value of money." "He did not like liars." "He was too intelligent not to see when he had been made use of." Things that might be said of practically anybody. One might as well make the statement that he had two arms and two legs. There are occasional flashes of insight, and there are occasional amusing naïvetes, as when, of his stay in New York, Mrs. Bennett says: "It was a strenuous life for him, only made possible because he took two baths a day and was adulated by women." Nor, undesired as it seems to have been on her part, does Mrs. Bennett find any explanation for their separation.

The Barber's Clock
By E. V. Lucas

There is a little of everything in this 125-page conversation between a man and a woman, who exchange reminiscences of their respective childhoods. It is a sort of long essay, including many things, from uncles to ghosts, from childhood ambitions to theories of art. It is the kind of thing which Mr. Lucas always does extremely well.

Congorilla
By Martin Johnson

The biggest apes and the smallest humans are what the Johnsons have been after this time. They made sound films of the Congo pigmies, and brought home some pictures of gorillas and a good deal of information about them. Mr. Johnson does not write well, but the magnificent photographs and the interesting material have always pulled his books through. In this volume he seems more often to lapse into dullness than ever before, but the photographs are still fine.

Mr. Darby
By Martin Armstrong

Mr. Darby is small and plump and timid and wistful. He doesn't say much about it to his managing grenadier of a wife, but as he goes about his daily routine in the offices of Messrs. Lamb & Marston he dreams of the Jungle, Adventure and the Open Road and the Wide, Wide World and all the rest of it. Now, given a character like this, you can either keep him chained to his desk and treat him seriously in a short story, or you can send him out into the wide world and treat him humorously in a novel. Mr. Armstrong chose the latter course. A million-pound legacy from the Uncle in Australia, and Mr. Darby sets out—first to London, then to the wilds of the Mandratic Peninsula, where for a time he is king of a cannibal tribe. Now all this might have been very amusing and exciting in the proper hands—Sylvia Townsend Warner's, for example. But in Mr. Armstrong's it became for us, before we had reached the end on page 442, very very tiresome. The humor is of the mild, rather than the robust, English variety; the characters are convincing, perhaps, but they convince you of little but their insignificance. No spark of originality illumines either scenes or incidents. No, we take that back. There is one moment, in the conversation on shipboard between Darby and Amberley—but it is a fugitive gleam that shines feebly for a moment and is instantly quenched.

McAroni Medleys
By T. A. Daly

Tom Daly's Irish and Italian dialect verses should need no introduction to you. This is the fifth volume of them, and it shows no falling off in quality. *Da Horsa-Race* and *Catchin' da Wife* seem to us particularly amusing. Mr. Daly handles the various verse forms with great ease, and there is a grace and lightness to all his work that is very pleasing. The non-

Books Reviewed—This Week

Essays in Persuasion, by John Maynard Keynes: Harcourt, $2.50.
Return to Yesterday, by Ford Madox Ford: Liveright, $4.00.
My Arnold Bennett, by Marguerite, his Wife: Dutton, $2.75.
The Barber's Clock, by E. V. Lucas: Lippincott, $1.75.
Congorilla, by Martin Johnson: Brewer, Warren & Putnam, $4.00.
Mr. Darby, by Martin Armstrong: Harcourt, $2.00.
McAroni Medleys, by T. A. Daly: Harcourt, $1.75.
The Man at the Carlton, by Edgar Wallace: Crime Club, $2.00.
Sudden Death, by Freeman Wills Crofts: Harpers, $2.00.
Death Answers the Bell, by Valentine Williams: Houghton, $2.00.
Vanderlyn's Adventure, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes: Cape, $2.00.
The White Arrow, by Anthony Wynne: Lippincott, $2.00.

dialect poems, of which there are many in this volume, though lacking the special flavor of the others, show great skill.

Sudden Death
By Freeman Wills Crofts

It certainly looked like suicide when Mrs. Grinsmead was found dead in her room with the door locked and the gas on. Even Inspector French, called in because of the vague suspicions of the coroner, couldn't see anything else in it. Until one of the facts suddenly became inexplicable, after which you follow the inspector's reasoning to a theory of the crime. But even after that there's another unexpected twist to the ingenious and logical plot, and ten to one you won't have guessed it, though the facts are before you all the time. That's the nice thing about the Inspector French stories. Not only are they interesting, but the author plays fair. And they are certainly as sound as any detective stories now being written.

The Man at the Carlton
By Edgar Wallace

When Capt. Timothy Jordan of the Rhodesian C.I.D. came to England he ran afoul of that super-cracksman, Lew Daney, with deplorable results for a number of other parties. Jordan went up to Scotland to visit his uncle, and the very first night his chauffeur was murdered. From that moment something pops on practically every page. If you want speed and action, and don't mind it much if the plot leaks like a sieve, there's nobody like Wallace. The blurbs on the jackets of the Wallace books for the last year or so have stated that King George buys them three at a time. We had an idea that it was one of those fashions, like having the pants pressed sideways, that King G. has tried unsuccessfully to start. But on the jacket of this book it says that Stanley Baldwin now buys them three at a time too. Cheer up, George, maybe you'll put this one over.

Death Answers the Bell
By Valentine Williams

Barry Swete lived in a little house just behind Frant House, the home of the Rossways. And when Aline, who was visiting at Frant House, stopped in to see Barry late at night and found him weltering in his gore, she was rather shocked. So were the police, who wondered about that affair between Barry and Rodney's wife, and about a number of other things that made the Rossways very uneasy. Keep your eye on the tennis court, and don't turn your back on Larking, the butler, and maybe you'll solve this one—a very good one, we think.

Vanderlyn's Adventure
By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

Don't pass up this swell story—which we should have reviewed a couple of months ago—of romance and mystery on the Riviera. Vanderlyn, visiting at the Chateau Belle Colline, falls in love with a lovely Russian girl, Dina Hitrowo, who is living with a dragon aunt in a dilapidated and mysterious villa. There is robbery and murder at the chateau which involves the villa, and the course of true love, complicated by international crookedness, takes some pretty exciting twists. Mrs. Lowndes writes for a civilized audience. And she can handle suspense with such skill that it is not advisable to start this story at midnight if you have to get up early in the morning.

The White Arrow
By Anthony Wynne

Dr. Hailey shows some of his old brilliance in this exciting story of what happened to Rollo Bowmark, financial adventurer and heir to a great name, who disappeared from a locked room just after a conference with his partners, and whose head was subsequently found a mile or so away. The story works up to an excellent triple climax, convincing you in turn that several people did Bowmark in. We pin an A on this one.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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From the Life

Exciting

It wasn't altogether country, because you could take a few steps down the road and after a while you'd find yourself in town. And it wasn't quite the West; it was only the middle West. As for the day, it neither rained nor shone, but a dull fog blew disconsolately above dull fields. That was the matter with everything. The two that trudged along the road were themselves not babies, but they were a long way from being men.

"Wisht it would snow; or something exciting," said the one, kicking a few stones out of his path.

"Not me," said the other, squinting at the blurred horizon. "I wisht that I was looking at the ocean. I never seen the ocean."

"Well, then," said the one, abandoning his first idea, "I wisht an army would come along. Right on this road! Wonder why since I was born there's never been anything ever happened?"

"There's an airplane," said the other.

"I don't hear nothing," complained the one. "And anyway, what I wisht is—" But even as he spoke he heard it. His ears were stunned with a slow thunder ripping through the fog. Where the horizon drowned itself in mist a silver arrow rose and dipped, climbed above them, larger and larger, and with roaring engines directly above their heads, above their bulging eyes swooped and dropped—rose again and staggered—rose and dropped.

* * * *

The great bull lowered his head to crop the grass and lifted it again quickly. The fog made him uneasy. He breathed it in through his nostrils and out again like smoke. But it steamed up again at his feet, smell—of earth; of remembered flowers. Suddenly he sprang heavily to one side, horns lowered, shoulders set to charge. Something rolling lightly over the grass—when he reached it, pawing furiously, it was gone. Nothing. Something pressing softly against his flank. He wheeled, bellowing, and his bellowing rose up into the sky. But there was nothing near him except an apple bough, bare of leaves and wet. Still the sound of his own voice echoed louder—more furious—hurled at him from the sky. Not his own voice but another bull, a monster twenty times his size, hurled itself from the clouds its lungs shouting death. He braced himself and waited. This time it was real.

* * * *

The pilot of the mail plane had taken to circling with no sense of direction whatever. Was the town beneath him? Or the lake? Trees or a gully? If he could only see something except this pearly light, these blind soft walls. He turned the plane nose downwards, his eyes straining toward earth. Well, he supposed this was what they meant down there when they talked about all the excitement to it. Where was the excitement to it? As far as he could see it was what folks didn't understand that made them excited; places they hadn't been to, things they hadn't done or couldn't explain. Well, maybe they found a fog was exciting not knowing what was under you, but you always found out soon enough, then where were you? On the last dip it looked like a meadow. It was a meadow. And something like a twisted string beside it. He'd have to be careful. That would be a road.

The mail pilot climbed out of the cockpit and looked questioningly around the misty field. He had kept away from the road all right, but where did the noise come from? A hair-raising, strangely familiar noise. He wheeled on a sudden instinct. There was no time to think it over. From the direct path of a charging, fire-breathing bull, the aviator skimmed as lightly as a swallow around the tail end of his airship.

He was met unexpectedly head on by two small boys who managed somehow to slide around his legs and escape beyond him towards the oncoming fury. It was all over in a minute. The air pilot wheeled again, between the bull and the boys, away from the plane. As he ran before the plunging animal he waved authoritatively toward the cockpit. "Climb in!" he shouted. By a hair's breadth he escaped the bull, turned toward the plane and catapulted on the heels of the boys into the cockpit. He opened the controls and let her go.

It was not a long ride. With the bull in hot pursuit, the plane skipped down the meadow, lifted and leapt over the fence, and shivered to a standstill in the adjoining field.

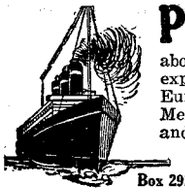
"We just wanted to know," asked one small boy breathlessly, "if we could look around your airplane? We never had a chance to see one close before."

But he was interrupted. "Do you ever get as far as an ocean?" piped up the other.

But the mail pilot had turned his head and was gazing quietly at a thwarted bull, snorting and pawing violently beside the fence.

"He acts kind of excited," said the air pilot meditatively. "Don't he?"

Ibby Hall.



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Apropos of Nothing

Photographing a Thought

EDWARD PENFIELD, the poster artist, once told me of an experience which convinced him, skeptic though he was, that the mind and will could act directly upon matter with phenomenal results.

I used to visit him sometimes in his studio in an old house on West Twenty-third Street, and in the hallways and on the stairs I sometimes there encountered a tall, cadaverous, stoop-shouldered old man with an indefinable air of strangeness about him. I learned from Penfield that his queer-looking housemate was a commercial photographer, and something of a philosopher and scientist as well. His opinions were unorthodox, at variance with the then current conceptions; but these he claimed to be able to substantiate by means of proofs. He declared that the mind and will were physical forces, and said he could demonstrate this by impressing a mental image on a photographic plate under such test conditions as any one might choose to impose.

Penfield was so interested that he challenged him to a test, and conditions were agreed upon satisfactory to both of them. The experiment took place in the photographer's studio. According to instructions Penfield had come provided with a Seed's photographic plate purchased by himself; on this he had scratched an identification mark and then enclosed it in one of his own manila envelopes and sealed it with sealing wax.

This envelope, containing the marked plate, he gave into the hands of the photographer only after it had been mutually agreed (which one suggested it I do not know) that the image of a ship was to be made to appear upon the plate after development. Holding the envelope between the palms of his hands the old man closed his eyes, bowed his head, and appeared to make a great effort at concentration for a period of seven or eight minutes. At the end of that time he gave the envelope to Penfield, and so intense had been the strain that he had to go and vomit in the sink. The two went together into the dark room, faintly illuminated by the usual red light, Penfield broke the seal, took out the plate, handed it to the photographer, who developed it in the usual way with Penfield looking on.

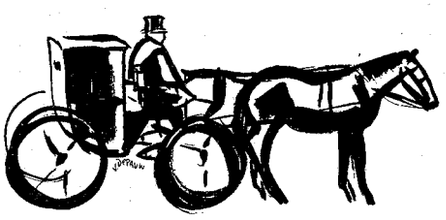
On holding it up to the light there, sure enough, was a crude image of a ship, such as a child might have drawn, except that the lines lacked definition. Penfield's private mark was in the corner, proving the impossibility of any substitution. He was forced to concede, therefore, that the old man had made good his claim. Whether he could have turned the trick without the contact of his hands on the envelope is a question, for it is claimed that there is a bodily ectoplasm, capable of being moulded into different forms by thought, and without which it would have been impossible to have etched the image on the plate, but this robs the experiment of none of its significance.

The creative process in the field of art indicates that *a thought*, or mental image, is the first form of *a thing*, or physical image. In the case of Michelangelo this "thought-form" had such reality that with each blow of the chisel he seemed to himself to be releasing it from the marble sheath in which it lay encased. In view of this and other anecdotes of a similar nature—like Mozart's "beautiful strong dream"—it is not difficult to believe that mind and matter impinge on and interact upon one another in a way which would explain the above related experiment, and justify the saying: *Thoughts are things.*

Stories of Old New York

THE horse-drawn buses which used to ply up and down Fifth Avenue were before my time, but I know that they had straw-covered floors, and people got the habit of poking about with their canes and umbrellas in the hope of finding dropped nickels and dimes. Sometimes they found other things instead, which reminds me of a story told me by the noted scientist, Professor Henry A. Ward.

He had bought some electric eels for experimental purposes at a downtown market, and lacking any other mode of conveyance, he slipped them alive into a



capacious old umbrella which he always carried, thinking that they would be safely confined by means of his hand firmly grasped around the umbrella's neck. Then he took a Fifth Avenue bus uptown.

Like so many professors he was extremely absent-minded: he forgot all about the eels, and when he suddenly remembered he discovered that they were gone. Without the delay of an instant he dashed to the door and disembarked. From the curb he watched the receding vehicle, waiting for the explosion. He did not have to wait long: it was only a matter of seconds when the air was rudely rent by feminine shrieks and masculine curses, and the bus emptied itself of passengers as if by magic. He did not wait to see what happened next.

VAN DEERING PERRINE, the painter, told me about the strangest duel I ever heard of, fought between two members of the Art Students League who had quarrelled about a girl. It occurred in the old Academy of Design.

One of them challenged the other, and he, having the choice of weapons, elected that they should fight with the tools of their trade. His idea was that they should arm themselves with palettes and brushes, and the one who succeeded in registering the greatest number of daubs on the person of the other within a given time should be declared the winner. The honor of both would thus be satisfied.

The affair could not be kept secret, so when the two principals, each accompanied by his second, appeared upon the field of honor—an upstairs class-room—students of both sexes were in attendance, with a sentinel to guard the door. Each contestant, in a clean blue smock, held his fully set palette in his left hand like a shield, and in his right a large, long-handled brush, loaded with paint. According to code, they started at the drop of a handkerchief.

At first they kept far apart, like a pair of wary fencers, occasionally lunging at one another and then retiring out of reach. By these tactics each was successful in registering a touch or two of color on the other's smock. But presently, more by accident than by design, one of them plastered the other on the mouth with a great daub of carmine, and this provoked the gallery to such derisive laughter that the recipient of this most palpable hit got angry, and rushed at his adversary hammer and tongs, breaking down his guard and fairly plastering his face with paint. At this the referee and seconds tried to interfere, but this both duellists resented, and the whole thing turned into a free-for-all fight in which the audience joined. In the very midst of the carnage word came from the sentry that the janitor, who had heard the rumpus, was coming down the hall. Perrine declared that when order was reestablished the place looked like a slaughter-house of birds of paradise.

(Continued on Page 126)

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

LOOKING through your family photographs and daguerreotypes of the mid-nineteenth century, you will probably be amazed—as we were recently—to find how much style your grand- and great-grandfathers and -mothers had. It seems a pity to have these good-looking people shut up between the covers of old daguerreotype cases—and almost indistinguishable except in a strong light. A practical way of getting the best out of these old worthies is to have a portrait of them done in oils. We know a portrait painter who makes portraits from daguerreotypes, life size, and at a reasonable price too. When the daguerreotype came in, along about 1850, the portrait painter went under a cloud. These new pictures were cheap, they were exact, and they required no long, tiresome sittings. So all the belles and beaux of the fifties and sixties hurried off to the daguerreotype man, and that is the reason for the comparative rarity of portraits of that period. But now, quaint and charming as these old pictures may be, time has faded and stained them, and though excellent photographic reproductions of them can be made, even these have a modern look, so that a good deal of the charm is lost. Perhaps this is due to the inevitable blurring of fine lines in an enlargement. These reproductions in oils, however, preserve and even enhance the peculiar style and charm of the period. They are subdued and mellow, and might themselves have been painted fifty or one hundred years ago. We have two uncles now on our living room walls—one in the uniform in which he marched off to war in '61, the other, a forty-niner, in a stovepipe hat, broadcloth coat, satin waistcoat and high stock, in front of a backdrop representing San Francisco Bay. The likenesses are excellent.

THE Shu-Saver is a new type of shoe tree. It is a sort of metal stretcher that goes on the bottom of the shoe instead of inside and both straightens out the sole and keeps it off the floor so that it will dry quickly when wet. They fit on quickly and easily, and keep your shoes looking decent.

THE hideaway table attaches to a door and is useful in the kitchen. It is six by two feet, and when you're through with it, fold it up and it's completely out of the way. Another useful article of kitchen furniture is the butterfly table, so called because of a concealed leaf which doubles its size. This table is on little wheels so that it can be rolled from place to place.

IN OUR last Ivory Apes we made two suggestions. Canned worms was one, and the other an idea for making a walk on a walking machine more realistic and interesting. But Creighton Peet points out to us that both ideas have already been carried out. A certain builder, he tells us, has an electric horse in his Riverside Drive home, and when he found it a little dull he had a reel of motion pictures of Westchester made, which is run off on the wall just ahead of the electric horse's nose, thus providing himself with the illusion of cantering through dappled glades. And as for the worms, there is a line of them out, canned, and guaranteed for ninety days. But don't go putting them on the shelf with the string beans and spaghetti if you're in the habit of getting hungry in the evening and going out and reaching around in the dark for something to warm up and eat before going to bed. The same firm that puts up the worms carries a side-line of crickets and frogs. All of which goes to prove that it's foolish to try to invent anything. Everything has been done before. Mr. Mencken was bewailing in the public prints not long ago the fact that no one had invented an apparatus to dry out a safety razor so you wouldn't have to take it all apart and wipe it every time. And yet there is such a thing—a shaving mirror which has a compartment above into which you put the razor when you're through, and the heat of the bulb dries it out before it can rust.

WE THINK that if you have a garage—of whatever size and capacity—you would be interested in the "Overhead Door." This door looks very neat, much like any other door, and can be had in style to fit any architecture, but it rolls up much as the cover of a roll top desk rolls up. It works easily, fits tight, and takes up much less room than doors that slide or open outward, and it is never in the way, as other doors are apt to be. It can't be wedged by ice and snow, nor can it scrape the floor, or run off the track. You can even have an electric opener installed, with a key down the driveway, so that when you come in you lean out of the driving seat and turn the key, and the door rolls open.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Recent Recordings

AT FIRST consideration, perhaps you would not think of a record of James Joyce reading part of his *Anna Livia Plurabelle* as music[1]. Well, after following it with the text in my hand once and playing it twice without it, I conclude that it is only as music that it can be thought of. Joyce takes English, Latin, Gaelic, German and French and moulds them all into a tongue of his own. He recites the result in one of the most beautiful speaking voices I have ever heard, just as though what he was saying made sense. If you try to worry about the continuity or the content, you'll get nowhere, but if you relax and just give in to the melodious flow of the words, the result is undeniably pleasant. In passing it should be said that the single twelve-inch record, obtainable at the Gramophone Shop, sells for a mere fifteen dollars! Rumor has it that the disk was recorded by H.M.V., but that Mr. Joyce decided it was not for general consumption—hence the limited edition at the fancy price. That brings us into the field of literary criticism, anent the argument as to whether a writer should write so as to make himself understood or for his own and his eclectic friends' enjoyment. Well, Max Eastman recently said about all there was to be said about that, so I'll just let it go at remarking that it is certainly interesting to hear a man like Joyce read his own work and see more clearly what he is after. Incidentally, he varies from the printed text on eight occasions in the course of the two sides—whatever that may prove.

ANOTHER quite unusual and useful recording is that made by Lawrence Collingwood and the London Symphony Orchestra of Ninety Motives from *The Ring of the Niebelungs*[2]. It should be in invaluable to students of the *Ring*, as Mr. Collingwood clearly announces them and people who cannot play them on a piano should find it very helpful to have them thus clearly identified and properly played.

ANOTHER fine Wagnerian importation is a twelve-inch disk of a soprano, previously unknown to me, Frida Leider, singing *Ich sah das Kind* and *Isoldes Liebestod* from *Tristan und Isolde*[3]. The accompaniment is by the London Symphony Orchestra under John Barbirolli, who has made accompaniment with an orchestra a much finer art than is usually the case. Mme. Leider has a most agreeable quality of voice.

O. C.-T.

1. Orthological Institute CC 17594.
2. H.M.V. 2237/8.
3. H.M.V., D.B. 1545.

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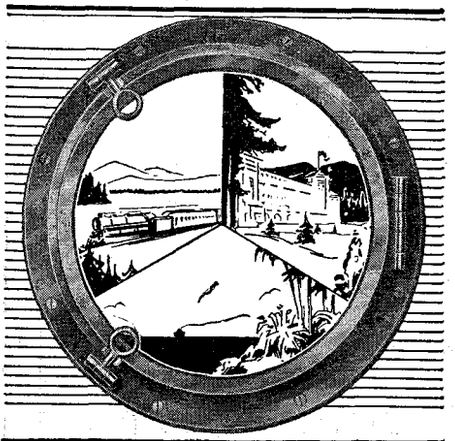
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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Apropos of Nothing

(Continued from Page 124)

Glimpses of Other Lives

I USED to see a good deal of Thomas Wilfred, the inventor of the Clavilux, or light organ—"Wilfred, the Lute Player" he then called himself, for he went about giving song recitals, accompanying himself on the twelve-stringed arch-lute.

Scientifically and mechanically minded, an almost violent agnostic, it was with some surprise that I found that, like myself, he was a believer in the theory of reincarnation. When I asked him the reason he said that he could not help it; certain things had happened to him by which he was convinced that in other bodies, in other times, he had played other parts. Seeing that this led only to mystification he gave me two or three instances of the sort of thing he had in mind.

As a youth he had left his home in Denmark in order to escape a military training determined for him by his family but for which he had no taste. After a little he found himself in Paris, the correspondent of a Danish newspaper and associating for the most part with the fellows of his craft. One night several of them were gathered in a restaurant; all had been drinking copiously and some of them were drunk. One man, who cherished a grudge against Wilfred, began flinging insults at him across the table; wishing to avoid a quarrel, he ignored these, answering only by silence. Whereupon the other, thinking Wilfred a coward, said so in language so outrageous that he could control himself no longer and in a sudden blaze of anger rose and went for his tormentor. But—and this is the strange feature of the whole proceedings—he did not attack him with his fists or feet; he reached to his side for a sword which was not there!

The making of this strange gesture sobered him instantly and his anger evaporated. It also surprised and sobered the others of the company. Why did he do that, he asked himself, and they asked him the same question. The most logical answer seemed to be that at one time, and in some other existence since it could not have been in this one, he had worn a sword.

On another occasion Wilfred and a friend were visiting Hampton Court for the first time. They were in one of the upstairs rooms of the palace when his friend remarked that he had heard that the place was famous for its gardens and expressed the wish to find some window from which they might be viewed. Without a moment's hesitation, he led him from room to room, knowing what each one looked like before they entered, for he had now a sense of perfect familiarity with the layout and appearance of the entire place. They ended their rapid labyrinthine journey, just as he had foreseen, in an apartment the windows of which commanded a clear view of the famous gardens. Straightway Wilfred was overcome by the same order of amazement he had experienced when he had reached for that imaginary sword—he had looked forward to seeing the gardens as they were long ago, with trim vistas of young trees and newly planted hedges; what he saw was the scene in his mind's eye as it might have appeared after a lapse of many years.

The shock of this brought him out of his trance, in which he seemed to be living in the character of a court minstrel in the entourage, perhaps, of Henry the Eighth. This was the ground for his belief that the wandering lute player he was in this life was rooted in a past of which he had so strangely caught a momentary glimpse.

I set these things down as Wilfred told them to me, without comment, letting the reader draw such inferences from them as he may please.

CLAUDE BRAGDON.

Virgins on the Shelf

(Continued from Page 108)

heightened and even morbid curiosity in all things sexual.

What it has come to be, as a result of thirteen years' cumulative growth, is, in reality, neurasthenia; a neurasthenic state that induces large masses of our public to demand titillation and vicarious thrills even from the books they read.

It is easy to deny all of this and say that such reading is merely the result of the natural human desire to escape from reality to romance. The romantic is almost impossible to define, but even the unusual ambiguity of the word is not sufficient to allow the inclusion of the type book I have been discussing in that category. For that matter we have had for decades the ably written, innocuous novel commonly termed romantic, and in the past it has always served. The novel with the Cinderella motif is still being written today, but its sales are steadily decreasing, while the sale of virgin-novels grows apace.

It is probably true that, until we evolve, if ever, to a point where sex becomes as natural a portion of life as any other normal human function, this morbidity will continue to exist, and we will continue to have a reading public capable

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of breathlessly awaiting the publication of such a book as *The Captive of Sahara* which, *The American News of July Books* informed us, was written by "the greatest exponent of the art of unadulterated hooey, the star saleslady of love with a sand-and-camel motif, the peerless purveyor of passion beneath the palms, of uncontrollable Arabian gasps, and the one and only progenitor of the original sweet-smelling Sheik."

Meantime—vain hope!—the publishers themselves might do something to remedy the situation. "Everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds," said Pangloss. Candide's answer was short and to the point. " 'Tis well said," he replied. "But we must cultivate our gardens." And that is what we must do. Our literary garden is choked with weeds.

Dollar-Grabbers at the Bar

(Continued from Page 112)

conduct. But no solution will be comprehensive or permanent that does not take into consideration the interests and needs of the public and the demand of the public for satisfactory service. Unsatisfactory legal service and excessive fees are largely responsible for the title and abstract companies and the industrial accident laws, which took away from the lawyer two of his most profitable sources of revenue. They are largely responsible for the growing demand for arbitration agreements in civil disputes and in automobile accident disputes. Unsatisfactory service cannot result in increased demand. One cannot stop feeding the cow and expect her to give more milk.

The most crying need for reform is in the administration of justice, and this cannot be achieved by the passage of more laws. Often enough the laws, passed by laymen, are more comprehensible and progressive than the law of lawyers. Delays in court proceedings, dilatory tactics and judicial inefficiency, are all delays, tactics and inefficiency, not of laws, but of lawyers. Lawyers as a rule are antiquated in their reasoning. They use forms as a substitute for clear thinking and never on any occasion use simple words when the meaning can be obscured by Latin phraseology or other legal verbiage. Rather than go to the core of any matter they prefer to advance upon it circuitously, and it is an affront upon their training to present even the simplest problem without first rounding up decisions to cite as precedents which were first handed down in the days of carts and oxen.

But the lawyers are aroused at last, though whether anything will be done to reëstablish the profession in the respect

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For the best Remarkable Remarks contributed by Outlook readers the Outlook will award weekly prizes of $5 for the one judged best, and $2 each for as many more as may be adjudged worthy of inclusion in the column.

Entries for each week's contest close at 12 o'clock noon on the Monday of the week preceding date of publication.

All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

All Remarkable Remarks must be accompanied by a single sentence explaining why the contributor considers the contributed remark remarkable.

In case two or more contributors submit the same Remarkable Remark which is judged worthy of any prize, the contributor whose Remarkable Remark is accompanied by the best—briefest and wittiest—explanatory sentence will be awarded the prize.

The editors of the Outlook are the sole judges of the contest and are ineligible to compete. All contributions should be sent to the Remarkable Remarks Editor.

of the public remains to be seen. As Mr. Dooley says, "the air is full of fight and the fight is full of air," and thus far, little else. But at least the public is leaving the legal housecleaning and reforms to its learned brothers and the next decade will decide whether the legalistic brethren are too hidebound by moldy precedent to catch step with the times, or whether Mr. Babbitt will be forced to turn his back upon his old leaders altogether.

Depression in the Osage

(Continued from Page 114)

the time in which the Government promised to protect them from other warring tribes. Until 1835 the Osages remained on the Missouri reservation. When moved to southern Kansas they were given possession of a strip of ground fifty miles wide and as far west as land had then been surveyed. But the Osages claimed no title to these lands and the only obligation of the Government was to feed them and protect them.

Following other treaties with the Indians in 1834 and in 1865, the Osages gave up their Kansas lands and moved into northern Oklahoma. There were 5,000 full-blood Osages then; now there are less than 500. Then the Osages had an income of $10 a year each and rations. During flush times of the Osage oil boom they were paid $1,000 a month. Now they have an income of about $35 a month each from oil. A few of the "restricted" Indians who were not allowed to squander their money still draw $100 a month.

The Kansas Optimist

(Continued from Page 115)

confirmed optimists, and if the world had not come to an end for the Democratic membership in Congress, the end was freely predicted. Now there exists the most militant spirit since 1916.

Shouse never feels better than when he is wrestling with a problem, political or otherwise, which appears insoluble. The more insoluble it appears the more hurriedly he approaches it. And although the situation has immeasurably improved since he stepped in, one still may say without mental reservation or purpose of evasion that the Democratic party harbors more insoluble problems, impassable barriers and non-negotiable gulfs than may be found in almost any other department of human endeavor. But as was insinuated in the beginning, no night is too gloomy to discourage the indefatigable and optimistic Mr. Shouse in his peregrinations in pursuit of whatever at the moment he may be in pursuit of.

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